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THE BIVOUC

OR
MARTIAL LYRIST

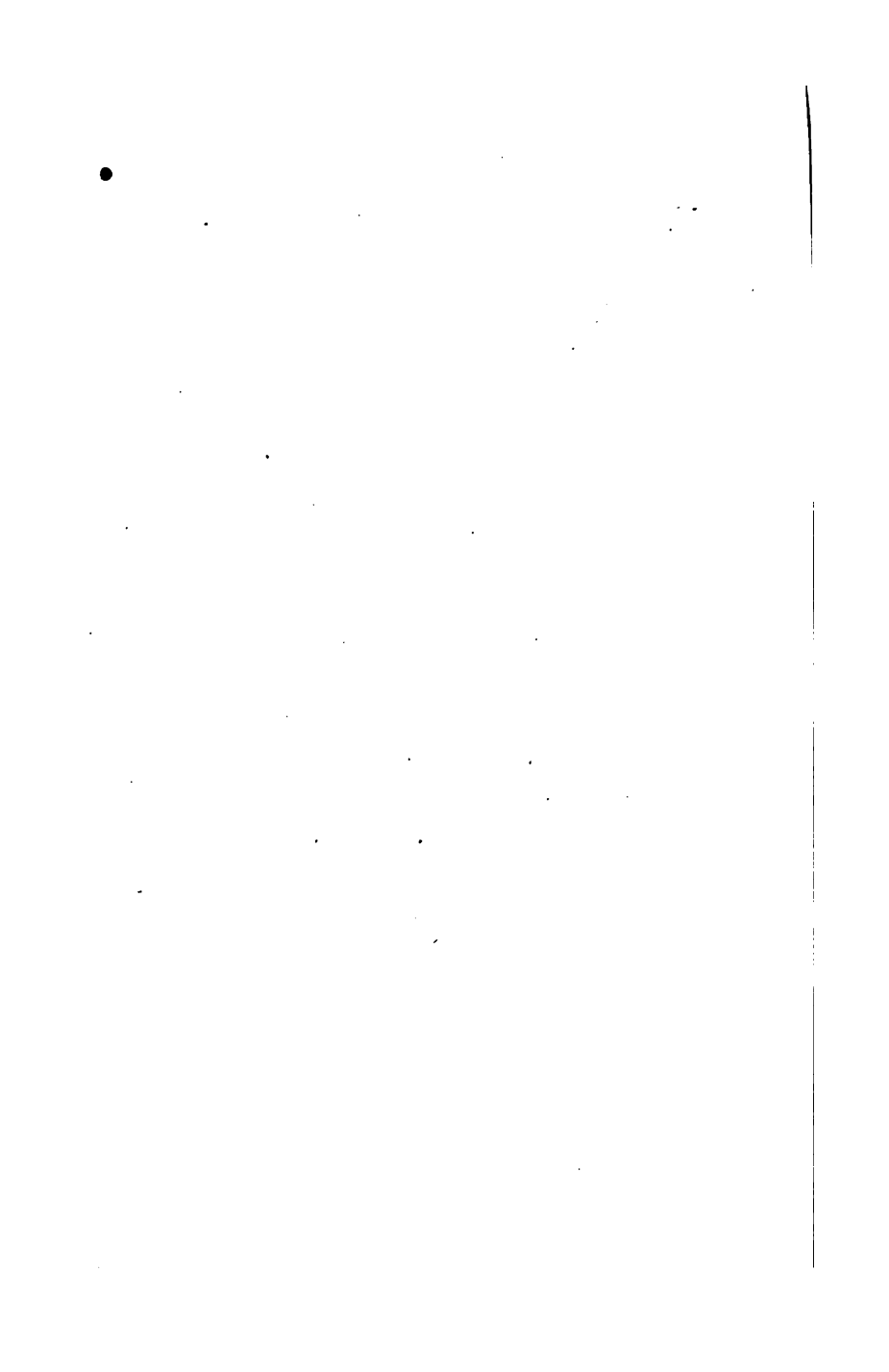


MAJOR R. COMPTON NOAKE



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THE BIVOUAC.

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THE BIVOUAC:

OR,

MARTIAL LYRIST.

WITH AN APPENDIX—ADVICE TO THE SOLDIER.

BY

MAJOR R. COMPTON NOAKE.



LONDON:

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1878.

280. o. 205.

“Hail, great in War ! All hail, by Glory cherished !”—*Simonides*.

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DEDICATED
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
TO THE
First, or Royal, Dragoons,
BY THEIR
OLD ADJUTANT,
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

DR. CURRIE, in his life of Burns, writing in 1800, says—"Our martial songs are not military but naval." This anomaly has been pointed out in almost every recent treatise on song-writing, and still exists—the victories of Wellington, and the fact that we now hold by the sword an empire containing two hundred millions of inhabitants, notwithstanding.

It has been the author's endeavour, and his cherished ambition, to supply this long-felt want, and in so doing, to confirm the soldier in his loyalty to his Queen, his country, and his corps, and thus enhance his courage and historic pride. Indeed, his object has been to inculcate a soldier's virtues—pity for the helpless, cheerful and ready obedience to discipline, anticipating commands and reverencing duty; and, not least, the love of his comrade. He would show that these are the things which elevate him in his own and his country's estimation; that render him worthy of military glory; that teach him to value his MEDAL as a thing above all price, a memorial of perils and adventures which beset a soldier's life.

To raise the soldier in the estimation of his country is rendered the more difficult, owing to certain pamphleteers, magazine writers, lecturers, and orators, who are

ever holding up to view his follies and failings, whilst veiling his soldierly virtues. Would these gentlemen but read Napier, Dr. M'Gregor, Florence Nightingale, or even the following pages, they might find that there are nobler means of exercising their talents than by inviting the sentimental to blush at youthful follies; and they might learn that there is true worth—a manly thoroughness—in our barrack-rooms.

The author's aim has been to exalt, and although his endeavour may not be realized, he feels assured that neither soldier nor civilian will turn from the reading of his pages, or the refrain of his songs, a worse man or a worse soldier. If but few share his aspirations and imbibe a deeper sense of loyalty to their Queen, a firmer love for their country and their corps, he will have won his much-coveted reward.

As this edition is published in the hope that it will find a place in our regimental and garrison libraries, all party and political songs have been avoided.

Lymington, Hants.

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THE BIVOUAC.

COMRADES!

THERE'S not a word from flank to flank,
In "files," or "fours," or serried rank;
There's not a simile or say,
But thou hast heard it many a day.

Yet, as the heart oft fires anew
In reading what before it knew,
Read this, and haply thine shall glow
At what thou dost already know.

And should a latent spark be fired,
'Tis all the poet has desired;
Throw by his rhyme, pursue the theme
Till action comes—'tis his to dream.

WHAT IS THY DUTY, COMRADE?

RECITATIVE.

WHAT is thy duty, comrade? 'Tis to do
 Whatever conscience telleth thee is right;
 Yet let not even conscience cloud thy view
 By simply doing; do it in thy might.

It is thy duty when the foemen throng
 In double numbers, there to turn thy face;
 The forward footstep makes the right arm strong;
 The fearless heart can never know disgrace.

What is thy duty? England claims thine all;
 Whate'er she bids, no question ask, but dare—
 Her honour's thine, thy life is at her call;
 And where thou turn'st, the God of Battle's there.

BRITAIN'S QUEEN.

AIR—"Fague a Ballagh." (In moderate time and with spirit.)

To Britain's Queen a round, boys,
 With three times three, with three times three;
 And make the roof resound boys,
 With shouts of glee, with shouts of glee.
 By each bright glass o'erflowing,
 This night shall see, this night shall see,
 How soldiers' hearts are glowing
 With loyalty, with loyalty.

Then to our Queen a round, boys;
 For here alone, for here alone,
 Are freemen to be found, boys,
 To guard a throne, to guard a throne.

The German, Gaul, and Roman,
 Alike disdain, alike disdain
 To have a lovely woman
 O'er them to reign, o'er them to reign.

And why? they'd ne'er such beauty
 Adorn'd with smiles, adorn'd with smiles,
 To bind men to their duty
 As in our isles, as in our isles.

Then to our Queen a round, boys;
 For here alone, for here alone,
 Are women to be found, boys,
 To grace a throne, to grace a throne.

WELCOME HOME TO THE SOLDIER.

AIR—"I'm Afloat."

WELCOME home! welcome home! hearty welcomes we bring,
 Warm, gushing, and true from the bosom they spring;
 With thankful emotion we'll sing of thy praise,
 And cheer thee and bless thee the rest of thy days.

No more in the trench—where the foe springs his mine,
 And the shells blaze in death—shall a cold bed be thine;
 No more storm the breach, nor the wall escalate;
 Rest, cover'd with glory that never shall fade.

Welcome home! welcome home! hearty welcomes we bring;
 The flagon shall flow, and the roof-tree shall ring;
 No tongue shall be silent, we'll sing of thy praise,
 And cheer thee and bless thee the rest of thy days.

Welcome home! thou hast battled that we may be free,
 And the love of thy country is centred in thee;
 Her care be to comfort thy evening of life,
 So weary with conquest, so worn in the strife.

The maid waves her kerchief, the brave bare the brow,
 And mothers of Britain, with cheeks all aglow,
 Point their sons to thy deeds, proud to kindle the flame
 That shall light them to conquest, to glory, and fame.

Welcome home! thou hast battled that we may be free,
 And the love of thy country is centred in thee;
 With grateful emotion we'll sing of thy praise,
 And cheer thee and bless thee the rest of thy days.

THE NOBLE OF HIS ANCESTRY.

AIR—"British Grenadiers."

THE noble of his ancestry
Tells with a haughty pride,
Of hawks, and hounds, and heraldry,
Of lands and forests wide;
But none of these can yield the joy
The British soldier knows,
When he marches away,
As the merry drums play,
To meet old England's foes.

The miser's joy is in his gold,
The merchant's in his gain,
The plodding farmer ploughs the wold
And gathers in the grain :
Nor gold nor gain yield half the joy
The British soldier knows,
When he marches away,
As the merry drums play,
To meet old England's foes.

Yes, they who like may bend and bow
To him who gathers gold,
To rank or name, or those who plough
And gather from the wold :
True homage is alone for him,
As well the soldier knows,
Who marches away,
As the merry drums play,
To meet old England's foes.

Though scanty be the soldier's board,
A right proud man is he,
When maid and mother bless the sword
That aye will keep them free.
His own right arm's his country's strength,
And that the soldier knows,
When he marches away,
As the merry drums play,
To meet old England's foes.

DEATH OF GENERAL PONSONBY.

AIR—"The Admiral."

'Twas in the glorious month of June, and every face look'd gay,
 And every heart with ardour burn'd to meet the coming fray;
 And daring spirits breathed anew, and sparkled ev'ry eye,
 As Royals, Greys, and Inniskillings raised their battle-cry.
 Full fifteen hundred well-tried blades leapt sparkling from the
 sheath,
 Grasp'd by those hands that ever made them messengers of death;
 And anxiously we listen'd for the trumpet's gladd'ning sound:
 'Twas given, and our chargers near'd the foe at every bound.

With confidence upon their chief his hardy men relied,
 And proudly on they follow'd, and the power of France defied;
 The choicest squadrons she could boast were soon dispersed—they
 fled—
 And left the field of battle strew'd with dying and the dead.
 We soon re-form'd at the "recall" to charge Count d'Erlon's corps,
 The flower of France's infantry, ten thousand men and more;
 And though the grape and shot and shell came ploughing through
 our ranks,
 No faltering heart was beating from the centre to the flanks.

A dauntless heart had Ponsonby, who led us to the fray,
 A soul that every danger spurn'd, that never knew dismay;
 His cheerful smile, in language plain, told all was calm within,
 And firm and clear he gave command amidst the battle's din.
 O, then was seen the mighty charm a chieftain's smile has o'er
 The youthful heart that never trod the battle-plain before;
 He heeded not the leaden shower, but rode from man to man,
 While "Here's our noble General!" in joyful accents ran.

Though pale and paler grew his check, he heeded not his wound,
 But with a skilful soldier's eye he scann'd the battle-ground;
 Then waving high his snowy plume; * 'twas answer'd with a cheer,
 And through their squares we dash'd, and through their squadrons
 in the rear:
 Three thousand prisoners ground their arms, and full two thousand
 die,
 But there was no brave Ponsonby to join the victor's cry.
 And not a man drew blade that day, or march'd behind his bier,
 But said, "Our good, brave General!" and wiped away a tear.

* The signal he gave for the Brigade to advance when it made that memorable
 charge on D'Erlon's corps.

WHAT MORE ?

RECITATIVE.

WHAT! ask me why my medal thus I cherish?
 Read on it "Delhi," which we did restore.
 Shall England's fame like traders' riches perish?
 Did we not bleed and conquer there? What more?

Why storm the breach? Couldst thou but feel the passion
 That stirs the soldier to his bosom's core,
 Thou wouldst for shame not question in this fashion;
 We dared—was ours not England's cause? What more?

What! had I fall'n? Who recks? The dauntless spirit
 Leaves but its clay upon this nether shore;
 Who highest aims shall highest joys inherit—
 With England's glory for our aim. What more?

UP, UP, AND ONWARD, ALL WHO CAN.

AIR—"To daunt me." *Jacobite Song.*

Up, up, and onward, all who can,
 To meet the foemen man to man;
 Come, Cornishmen, and men of Kent,
 Come, yeomen from the Ouse and Trent.
 Let Lancashire pour forth in flood,
 And Yorkshire men from wold and wood;
 Our watchword, "Onward, all who can;
 Come, meet the foemen man to man!"

Come, brothers from the Clyde and Forth,
 Strike with the strong arm of the north;
 As Tay's swift torrent sweeps along,
 Bear back to sea the invading throng.
 And come, ye fighting sons of Wales,
 Come from your mountains, hills, and vales;
 "Up, up, and onward, all who can,
 And meet the foemen man to man!"

God gave us iron in our hills,
Emblem of our stern British wills;
The glowing steel is ne'er so bright
As when it flashes in the fight,
In grip of hand whose home and hearth
Is only where free men have birth;
Then "Up and onward, all who can,
And meet the foemen man to man!"

Our soldiers, dauntless, stem the tide
Of nations in their hate and pride;
And though they reel 'neath victories won,
For you and yours they still reel on.
Then rally round them, child and wife,
And all that's dear of honour, life,
Call, "Up, and onward all who can,
And meet the foemen man to man!"

VICTORY.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

WHEN Victory fled from the crest of the Greek,
She perch'd on the banner of Rome,
Resolved, while for freedom she fought, she would seek
In no other nation a home.
For centuries over that banner she spread
Her wings, as its guardian to fame;
But at tyranny's rule away the bird fled,
And left Rome's proud legions to shame.

O'er the wide world she hover'd, disdaining to stay
With a people who would not be free;
But over the wide world oppression held sway,
Save in Britain, the Isle of the Sea.
Here she rested her weary wing, never to roam,
Except with our flag on the wave,
Or our banner in battle, for this is her home—
The home of the free and the brave.

Not a proud pennant flies, not a flag leaves the strand,
 But o'er them she's seen to preside,
 And darts from her sea-home o'er many a land,
 Our armies in battle to guide.
 With a bough of green laurel she flies o'er the field,
 And crowns each brave brow with a wreath;
 She loves the bold spirit that never will yield,
 And cheers him when sinking in death.

HAVELOCK'S MARCH.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

"BRAVE soldiers of Britain," thus Havelock said,
 "Our comrades in Lucknow have sent here for aid;
 'Tis ours to relieve them ere three days are o'er,
 Or the red blood will run as it ran at Cawnpore."
 Up, up, and away; what Briton says Nay,
 When honour and duty forbid him to stay?
 Up, up, and away, for battle or fray,
 Though ten times our number should stand in the way!

"Though deep be the Ganges and swift be its flow,
 Though few be our numbers, and many the foe,
 Though the country be up, it shall never be said,
 That Britons have turned; so right onward we'll tread."
 Up, up, and away, what Briton says Nay,
 When honour and duty forbid him to stay?
 Up, up, and away, for battle or fray,
 Though ten times our number should stand in the way!

And red was their path with the blood of the foe,
 From the Ganges right on to the gates of Lucknow;
 In many a skirmish, in many a fight,
 They conquer'd; "God with them" defending the right.
 They were up and away; what Briton says Nay,
 When honour and duty forbid him to stay?
 They were up and away, for battle or fray,
 Till no foe remain'd, boys, to stand in their way!

WATERLOO.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

- NAPOLEON to Soult thus exultingly said;
 "One half of those English are wounded or dead;
 They are thoroughly beaten and soon must give way,
 Send word off to Paris the French have the day."
 "Stay your messenger, Sire! While a corps is complete,
 Not a foot will they yield, and would scorn to retreat;
 They give Death the challenge when others despair,
 And when half are stricken, the more do they dare."
- "My Marshal! at noon not a rank, not a square,
 But was shatter'd by guns and the brave cuirassier;
 It is now four o'clock—true, they're not in retreat;
 But then *they don't know when they really are beat*."
 "I saw them cross Douro when fullest its flood,
 Boldly storm San Sebastian through seas of blood;
 They give Death the challenge, and onward they go,
 Though legions from hell they should meet as their foe."
- "Marshal! Marshal! the Guard, see, are broken, have fled!
 O, Austerlitz, Wagram! Shame! would they were dead!
 Then France might have wept without shame in her woe;
 But now her Guard runs from a half-beaten foe."
 "Nor mountain-pass, river, nor night will bring rest,
 So relentless, untiring, and bold is their quest;
 Those dare-devil horsemen swoop down on their prey
 I know them too well, Sire; away—haste away!"

THE LONE ONE.

AIR—"Miss Forbes' Farewell."

WHY sitt'st thou in the wintry blast,
 Unshelter'd from the sleet and snow?
 Dost ponder on the weary past,
 Or on thy wearier way of woe?
 Say, lone one, wherefore this sad plight—
 This tatter'd garb, this wasted form?
 Death rides the whirlwind of the night;
 Turn in, nor longer brave the storm.

* Napoleon's remark.

Who art thou? "Who!" the lone one cried;
 "Behold in me a nation's toy—
 Caress'd, defaced, broke, thrown aside,
 Forgotten in her whirl of joy
 For that proud day when, wild and high,
 My spirit flash'd, my sabre flew;
 Now, pity from the passer-by
 Is all she deems the soldier's due.

Flatter'd when War's red banner waved;
 Flouted when Peace that flag had flur'd;
 Scorn'd, though beneath its fold we braved
 And beat the foe o'er half the world.
 O! for that day when wild and high
 My spirit flash'd, my sabre flew,
 That 'neath its glitter I might die,
 And Victory's shout be life's adieu!"

NICHOLSON BEFORE DELHI.

WE march'd from Delhi long before 'twas day,
 And found the foemen ready for the fray;
 And as their banner glisten'd in the sun,
 Thus spoke our chief, the gallant Nicholson:

"On, onward, Sixty-first and Fusiliers!
 Send back defiance in your lusty cheers;
 Though in 'position,' fresh, and five to one,
 God's arm strike with us—we no odds will shun!

"Reserve your fire until the rifle's flash
 Shall singe the rebels' beards; then with a dash
 Go in and win as Britons ever won,
 And vengeance take for deeds in Cawnpore done."

In steady line we gain'd the mountain's crest;
 The flash—the cheer—the bay'net did the rest;
 Each strong arm held his conscience; Pity fled,
 And left the heel of Vengeance in her stead.

THE MAGIC HOUR.

AIR—"A famous man was Robin Hood." (*Boldly.*)

THOUGH morning breaks with wind and rain,
And ankle-deep lies all the plain;
Nor wind nor wet, nor mud nor mire,
Can quench the British soldier's fire.

There is a joy, how few can tell!
But every soldier knows it well—
The soul's sweet magic of the hour
When marching in his strength and pow'r;

When Glory's wreath is in his view;
When Valour whispers, "Dare and do;"
And Fame stands by, *his* name to tell
Who conquering fought, who fighting fell.

Though morning breaks with wind and rain,
And ankle-deep lies all the plain;
Nor wind nor wet, nor mud nor mire,
Can quench the British soldier's fire.

VICTORY'S FOR THEM WHO DARE AND WHO OBEY.

AIR—"Cheer boys, Cheer."

MARCH, boys, march! a noble task's before us,
To keep our homes from insult and from shame,
'Tis ours to plant the flag that's flying o'er us
Proudly and high upon the hill of fame.
Boldly 'twas borne by men-at-arms and bowmen;
By musketeers so daringly unfurled,
That a French Marshal * said of them as foemen,
"They are the bravest soldiers in the world."
March, boys, march! our road leads on to glory,
Hoarsely and shrill the trumpet sounds "away."
Courage! the brave live on in Britain's story
And foes shall tell our prowess in the fray.

* Marshal Bugeaud.

March, boys, march! a noble task's before us,
 Look on the loved ones tearful in alarm,
 Mother and maid! they all alike adore us,
 Trusting for safety to the soldier's arm.
 On, for them, on! but not to music's measure,
 Silent and swift's the order of the day,
 Watch till your chief shall sign or glance his pleasure,
 Victory's for them who dare and who obey.
 March, boys, march! our road leads on to glory,
 Hoarsely and shrill the trumpet sounds "away."
 Courage! the brave live on in Britain's story,
 And foes shall tell your prowess in the fray.

OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG.

AIR—"The Garb of old Gaul."

CHEER, cheer up, my lads, for another campaign,
 The route's in; and see, to the bugle's refrain,
 Battalions and squadrons all mass'd in array,
 In the garb that was never disgraced in the fray.
 No matter what the colour be,
 Or red or green or blue,
 An English, Scotch, or Irish heart
 Beneath is beating true;
 Nor whether trumpet, drum, or fife,
 Accompanies our song,
 The chorus, boys, shall ever be,
 "Our country, right or wrong!"

Old Reason implores, half defying in affright,
 And more than half in doubt, "May God defend the right!"
 Yet shouts a fierce "Amen!" as he looks on our array,
 In the garb we have worn in full many a fray.
 No matter what the colour be, &c.

Be the cause right or wrong, 'tis not ours to inquire,
 The soldier who reasons ne'er knows the soldier's fire;
 We have pluck, we have strength, and souls to strike or stand,
 All devoted as one to do our Queen's command.
 No matter what the colour be, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S LITANY.

GOD of battle ! God of peace !
God of love ! and God of grace !
God of all who seek Thy face,
 Guide us, Lord, to Thee.

When the sun sinks in the sky,
And the shadows lengthen'd lie,
When the heart throbs wearily,
 Give us strength in Thee.

When in camp at close of day,
Watching for the coming fray,
Silently, O God, we pray,
 " Stay our hearts on Thee."

When we bear in manhood's bloom
Some loved comrade to the tomb,
Hear, O God, in muffled drum,
 Hearts subdued to Thee.

God of heaven ! God of earth !
Be our God when we go forth;
Be the guard of home and hearth,
 Make them dear to Thee.

When in serried ranks we stand,
Holding at our chief's command
Sword and life in ready hand,
 Then we look to Thee.

When the cannon shakes the ground,
When the trampling hoofs resound,
When the foemen gather round,
 Lord, we're bold in Thee.

When the lifted sword shall fall,
When we strike at England's call,
Banish hatred, Lord, from all;
 All are loved by Thee.

When upon the purple heath
 We shall yield to Thee our breath,
 May Thy angel, Lord, of death
 Wing our souls to Thee.

Then before Thy throne to kneel,
 This our prayer for England's weal:
 "Seal her glory with Thy seal,
 Keep her great and free."

CAN I SEE A BLEEDING FOE?

AIR—"When our heads are bow'd with woe." *Hymn.*

CAN I see a bleeding foe,
 And not stay the lifted blow?
 Can I see th' imploring tear,
 And not feel that God is near?

Can the aged say, "O, spare!"
 And I disregard his prayer?
 See the humble suppliant tear,
 And not feel that God is near?

Can I see the maiden cry,
 Wring her hands in agony?
 See the mother's pleading tear,
 And not feel that God is near?

Can I of the victory tell?
 Can I hear the pæans swell
 Toned by orphan's sigh and tear,
 And not feel that God is near?

God, in whom we live and move,
 God of charity and love,
 Can I but shed tear for tear,
 When I feel that Thou art near?

DEAREST, 'TIS A SOLDIER'S DUTY.

AIR—"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever." *Burns.*

DEAREST, 'tis a soldier's duty
Calls me from thy maiden beauty.
See, the sacred ensign flowing,
Steeds are saddled, bugles blowing.
One fond kiss, and we must part, love;
But while life shall wake this heart, love,
I'll be constant, thine for ever;
Death alone our love shall sever.

Those bright eyes, where true love beameth,
Charm as when the sabre gleameth;
Now love all the soul is stealing,
Then war wakes a sterner feeling.
Hostile front to front opposeth,
Hand to hand in battle closeth;
Glory, honour, fame, and duty,
Call me from thy maiden beauty.

By those vows so fondly plighted,
When the moon our path has lighted;
By thy heart so fondly beating,
'Gainst this breast each throb repeating;
By the love thou hast imparted,
By these tears at parting started,—
I'll be constant, thine for ever,
Death alone our love shall sever.

O, SING THAT MERRY SONG ONCE MORE.

AIR—"There's nae luck about the house."

O, SING that merry song once more,
It wakens in review
Scenes pass'd in my old gallant corps
With comrades brave and true.
I've heard it in the barrack-room,
And 'mid the tented throng;
When bivouack'd 'mong heather bloom
It was our favourite song.
O, sing, &c.

THE BIVOUAC.

And O, how joyously 'twas sung
 When foemen were in view,
 When trumpets loud defiance flung,
 Or signall'd to pursue!
 And when return'd, and round the fire
 We sat as victors crown'd,
 A comrade's hand would strike the lyre,
 And song go gaily round.
 O, sing, &c.

O, sing that merry song once more,
 To bring to mind the day,
 When first I saw my gallant corps
 Dash headlong in the fray,
 And from the haughty foeman's brow
 The badge of victory tore,—
 The thought still makes my bosom glow,
 O, sing that song once more.
 O, sing, &c.

THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.

THE VETERAN VISITING THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE
 MEMORY OF HIS FALLEN COMRADES.

AIR—"Gramachree."

YE tell of days of other years,
 When bright the vision came
 Of hope, amid a cloud of fears,
 That we should live in fame.
 We trod the deck, the cheer rose high,
 The blessing and the prayer,
 That fired the heart and fill'd the eye
 Of every soldier there.

We turn'd the tide of many a fight,
 And as *you*, conqu'ring, fell,
 Fame, smiling, robed you in her light—
My fame, ah, who will tell?
 Weary and old, men pass me by;
 And yet I once could dare;
 The fire I feel sinks in the sigh
 For fame I cannot share.

Friends of my youth ! the vision brings
 The days of other years,
 And Joy o'er Grief her mantle flings,
 And my lone bosom cheers.
 And changes come, and voices say—
 Loved voices of the past—
 "Fame's but for time—that little day :
Here friendships ever last."

MY HARP.

AIR—"Logan Water."

My harp ! whene'er I touch thy string,
 Long-buried thoughts from Mem'ry spring ;
 In her rich lap they bud anew,
 And gladden as they meet the view.

From boyhood and from early youth
 Thou bringest them array'd in truth,
 And dear home faces smiling say,
 "Why linger on? come, come away!"

And he who oft would guide and cheer
 In battle's hour, when death was near,
 Will now, as then, impassion'd say,
 "To glory this!" and points the way.

Thus my loved harp, within thy tone
 The past and future blend in one,
 And doth my vision so imbue,
 It makes the present joyous too.

BEAR UP, BOYS!

AIR—"Hark! 'tis the Moorish evening drum."

BEAR up, boys ! though the shock be rude,
 Approving Heaven cries, "Dare!"
 Nor ever yet was heart subdued
 Which echo'd back, "I dare!"

Bear up! bind glory to your car
 Fame rides the foremost steed;
 The night lends lustre to the star,
 The danger to the deed.
 Bear up, boys! though the shock be rude,
 Approving Heaven cries, "Dare!"
 Nor ever yet was heart subdued
 Which echo'd back, "I dare!"

Although our flag's shot to a shred,
 Though arms begin to tire,
 Mind, valour's brightest wreath is shed
 Where brave the brave admire.
 Bear up, bear up, boys! battle on,
 Though hotter be the press;
 The hardest fight's the noblest won,
 In daring is success.
 Bear up, boys! &c.

LECTURE ON PENSIONS.*

[*Written, as was also the following song, "THE BALLOT," on reading Sir Charles E. Trevelyan's pamphlet, "The British Army in 1868." Place, Exeter Hall.*]

AIR—"Alley Croker."

WHILE, ladies, you
 Such stitching do,
 You cannot pay attention
 To what I say—
 My theme to-day
 Is soldiers and their pension.
 And I propose,
 Before we close,
 Their morals too to touch on;
 A subject which—
 Pray stay that stitch!—
 Men say forms my escutcheon.
 But O, this stitching! this weary, weary stitching!
 I can't dilate
 Unless you 'bate
 This weary counting, stitching.

* See Preface.

You know as well
 As I can tell,
 A nation wanes or waxes,
 According to
 The pensions due;
 And these are paid by taxes.
 Shall men who bled
 In your sons' stead,
 For you and England's glory,
 Who march away
 To battle fray,
 Be pension'd when they're hoary?
 Worn and hoary, when they are worn and hoary—
 What right have they
 To care or pay
 When weary, worn, and hoary?

The greater shame
 I cannot name,
 Although 'twas my intention;
 But claim your aid,
 Both wife and maid,
 To do away with pension.
 And I would make,
 For England's sake,
 The heaven-born, skill'd mechanic
 Serve out three years
 'Mong swords and spears,
 Instead of men Satanic—
 O, Satanic! for soldiers so Satanic!—
 And fill their place
 With men of grace—
 The heaven-born, skill'd mechanic.

We need not grant,
 Nor will they want,
 For three years, any pension;
 They're men of mind;
 They're too refined—
 However, I just mention,
 On Sunday they
 Will march to pray,
 And listen to a sermon;

THE BIVOUAC.

And not, you know,
 As now they go
 A hunting rats and vermin—
 O, the vermin! no hunting rats and vermin:
 But smart and clean—
 O blessed scene!—
 March off to prayer and sermon.

THE BALLOT.

AIR—"The Rogue's March."

'Till ballot, they say,
 From the land's pass'd away,
 Now middle-class men shun the fighting;
 Neglecting the blade,
 'They have taken to trade,
 The gain being far more inviting
 'Than national wrongs to be righting,
 'Than shooting and stabbing and smiting.
 Of old though so bold,
 They now so love their gold,
 All patriot feeling 'tis blighting.

Ye traders, beware!
 If your pockets you spare,
 Be sure of the ballot's returning.
 Will volunteers come
 From the plough and the loom?
 The year sixty-five be your warning;
 Then soldiers, your short service scorning,
 Your bounty and promises spurning,
 Brought you down on your knees,
 Saying, "Stay, soldier, please!
 We'll give you more pay in the morning."

So humbly you pray'd,
 That in duty we stay'd,
 By honour and honesty guided;
 You, true to your creed —
 "Knuckle down when in need,
 But bluster when danger's subsided" —
 Now flout with, "You're too well provided;"
 The deeds that we do are derided;
 You scoff at the blade
 Which has guarded your trade,
 And battles when war is decided.

Reviling, you say,
 We mis-spend night and day
 In roistering, revel, flirtation;
 Quote figures to prove
 How we drink, how we love,
 And slander* by multiplication.
 You'd employ us on land reclamation,
 To dig by Horse Guards regulation;
 Then turn us adrift
 To the devil a gift,
 To pension us 'stead of the nation.

SEND ROUND THE WINE-CUP.

AIR—"Gentle Zitella."

SEND round the wine-cup,
 Lift ye the song,
 Nobly our comrades
 Fell in the throng;
 Fearless and foremost ever to shine
 Beacons in battle, toasts at our wine.
 Send round the wine-cup,
 Lift ye the song,
 Nobly our comrades
 Fell in the throng.

* See Pamphlet.

Tears for the maiden;
 Grief for the brave
 Who, with years laden,
 Sink to the grave.
 But for the fallen joy-bells shall ring,
 Young men shall envy, old men shall sing :
 "Send round the wine-cup,
 Lift ye the song,
 Nobly those heroes
 Fell in the throng."

Marble will moulder,
 Sabres will rust,
 So shall our comrades
 Mingle in dust;
 But through time ever their fame shall ring.
 Young men shall envy, old men shall sing :
 "Send round the wine-cup,
 Lift ye the song,
 Nobly those heroes
 Fell in the throng."

HEY, BOYS, UP GO WE !

AIR—"Hey, boys, up go we !" *Jacobite Song.*

WHEN Commerce spreads her studding sails,
 And "sea-room, sea-room!" sings;
 When Speculation rides the gales
 On Credit's proffer'd wings;
 When men have work and hearts are glad,
 'Tis few will soldiers be;
 When trade is up, why, labour's up,
 And hey, boys, up go we!

Long is the lane that has no turns;
 Who bides his time is wise;
 And Patience, though for long she mourns,
 At last bears off the prize,
 As we have done; so let's be glad,
 Rejoice and sing with me;
 When trade is up, why, labour's up,
 And hey, boys, up go we!

When ill winds blow, they do some good;
 The winning side may laugh;
 The best tap that was ever brew'd
 Is such as now we quaff.
 Then fill and drink, and let's be glad,
 Rejoice and sing with me;
 When trade is up, why, labour's up,
 And hey, boys, up go we!

A man is rich with "little more,"
Two pennies,* boys, will clink;
 Content is Wisdom's choicest store
 When he has aught to drink.
 So fill, and let each heart be glad,
 Rejoice and sing with me;
 When trade is up, why, labour's up,
 And hey, boys, up go we!

RELATIVE RANK.

AIR—"Lilibulero."

"INSULTED by order," cried Lancet to Fleam;
 "Just Mister, plain Mister, before each one's name!"
 "Just Mister!" sneered Cash-box, "and stuck on a flank,
 We're nameless until we get relative rank.
 Relative rank, relative rank,
 We'll write up our wrongs and get relative rank!"

"At mess we are nowhere; at balls the young Sub,
 Because he's a combatant, gives us a snub;
 We offer to dance, 'tis declined with a 'Thank;'
 But wait till we once get our relative rank!
 Relative rank, relative rank,
 The girls will then dance to our relative rank!"

"We've got it, we've got it!" cries Lancet to Fleam;
 "No more just plain Mister before each one's name;
 Field officers now—though it may be a blank,
 For people will ask, 'What *is* relative rank?'
 Relative rank, relative rank,
 Too soon they will know what *is* relative rank!"

* The increase of pay in 1867.

Who visits a maid when she's coughing and hoarse,
 Who visits a stable to doctor a horse,
 Who counts other's cash is a mere mountebank,
 When once he presumes on his relative rank:

Relative rank, relative rank—
 Cash, Lancet, nor Fleam, but the Sword gives the rank!

Give physic its place, its true value to gold,
 But on the affections the sword keeps its hold:
 Bear witness the welcome so kindly, so frank,
 That women all give to the combatant rank:
 Combatant rank, combatant rank,
 That women all give to the combatant rank.

FUNERAL HYMN.

AIR—"Scots wha hae." *Burns.*

GLORY, glory, glory, sing,
 Glory to our God and king;
 Fife and drum and trumpet ring,
 In loud melody.

Proudly march behind the dead,
 Death defy with lifted head,
 Dare the grave with firmer tread,
 Shouting, "Victory!"

Our loved comrade's now at rest,
 By the God of Battle blest;
 Lord, may we too be Thy guest
 In eternity.

Foremost in the fight he fell,—
 Foemen of his prowess tell.
 Lord, help us to do as well,
 Looking up to Thee!

MARCH, MARCH, ERIN'S AND BRITAIN'S SONS.

AIR—"Lesley's March to Scotland."

MARCH, march, Erin's and Britain's sons,
 Shoulder to shoulder, and gather fresh glory;
 March, march, Erin's and Britain's sons,
 Long shall the deeds of this day live in story!
 Think of the fights in Spain,
 Think of the Belgic Plain!
 Alma and Inkerman, fields of our glory;
 Think of the Light Brigade,
 Fame that can never fade,
 How proudly they obey'd,—told is in story.

March, march! step to the drum and fife,
 See the old colours how proud and defying;
 March, march! bear them, boys, through the strife,
 As they were ever, in victory flying.
 Sharply the rifles ring,
 Wildly the bullets sing,
 Soon will our front be their front opposing;
 Let heart and hand be strong,
 They shall remember long
 Erin's and Britain's sons' prowess in closing.

THE FORGING OF THE SABRE.

AIR—"Bob and Joan."

VULCAN, to your task,
 Bare your arm for labour;
 All your skill I ask
 On the trooper's sabre.
 From your arm'ry choose
 Bolt of Jovian thunder;
 And with lightning fuse,
 Till the fire-caves wonder.
 Round the hammer swing,
 Sparks set flying, bright'ning,
 From the anvil fling
 Polish'd blade of lightning.

THE BIVOUAC.

Twine from Glory's bough
 Wreath that never fadeth;
 Take from Valour's brow
 Fillet Honour braideth;
 Lay them on the blade
 When the hammer dashes,
 Pure and brighter made
 By their living ashes.
 Round, &c.

Fashion it with care,
 'Tis the sword of order;
 Scourge when rebels dare
 Step o'er freedom's border;
 Tyrants bitter foe,
 Trampled ones' redressor,
 On its flashings show
 Death to the oppressor.
 Round, &c.

Give it Music's ring,
 Rousing rapt emotion;
 On its gleamings wing
 Heart-throbs of devotion.
 On it grave this scroll;
 "Who bears me to glory
 Lives on Britain's roll,
 Hero of her story."
 Round, &c.

 THE FIELD.

AIR—"The Sea."

THE field, the field, the tented field!
 I ne'er yet trod the reeking sod
 But foes were made to yield.
 The sun's retreated to the west,
 And all, by piquets guarded, rest;
 But soon shall guns the mountains shake,
 And dreamers from their dreams shall wake;

Their tunes I love, I love to hear,
 The battle's din and noise of war;
 The bursting shell, the ringing steel,
 The charger's plunge to the iron heel,
 The gladd'ning shout at close of day,
 The shout, the shout of victory!

The night was dark, the moon abash'd,
 Her face did shroud in dark'ning cloud,
 The guns so fearful flash'd;
 The leaguer'd town was girt with steel,
 Her battlements did rock and reel,
 Her batter'd wall in fragments fell,
 The foemen raised their madd'ning yell;
 The stormers shouting rent the air,
 Nor heeded they the fire-balls' glare;
 The round-shot whistled, and echoing roll'd
 The battle-thunder uncontrolled.
 Such was the noise and such the strife
 When I began a soldier's life.

Since then, Old England I have served
 In peace and war, climes near and far,
 Nor once in duty swerved.
 In many a fight this trusty blade
 Has stretch'd the foe upon the glade;
 And to-morrow, boys, again 'twill be
 Steep'd to the hilt for liberty.
 There's peace at home in every blow,
 There's peace at home when lie the foe;
 And crown'd with peace and banner high,
 All England as one man shall cry,
 "See, see, our conquering soldiers come;
 Protectors of our hearth and home."

LE MARCHANT'S BRIGADE.

AIR—"The Battle of the Baltic."

OF Salamanca, boys,
 We will sing—a glorious day,
 When the Third, and Fourth, and Fifth,
 Were the foremost in the fray.

With bounding hearts they saw the Frenchmen come;
 And when their shout was heard,
 Brave Le Marchant gave the word,
 As he waved on high his sword,
 "Charge them home!"

Each eye beam'd bright with joy
 As their swords flew from the sheath;
 Their gleam to them was victory,
 But to the Frenchmen death.
 Their dauntless bosoms danger never knew;
 But, with Britons' conscious pride,
 On they gallop'd side by side,
 Then rush'd a bursting tide
 On the foe.

Le Marchant's bold brigade
 Thirteen hundred men rode down;
 Still uncheck'd each joyous cried,
 "On for glory and renown!"
 A thousand Frenchmen's blood bedew'd the field,
 Whilst two thousand in dismay
 Ran, and threw their kits away;
 But the British made them stay,
 And there yield.

And when Old England calls,
 She shall find our blades as true
 As Le Marchant's bold brigade,
 Who the Frenchmen overthrew.
 To keep her banner stainless as the snow,
 We'll gallop side by side,
 Though girth-deep red we ride,
 A bursting, whelming tide,
 On the foe.

THE ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

WHILE the Rose of Old England shall bloom on its stem,
 Or Scotland's rough Thistle shall grow,
 The Shamrock shall flourish united with them,
 In spite of the traitor and foe.

THE BIVOUC.

They have conquer'd together; and shall
Our banner be shorn of its fame?
No, no; while yon sun, boys, shall light
Our swords shall defend it from shame

Shall traitors the Rose and the Thistle dare
Make the Shamrock the badge of "rejoice"
No, not till the Briton from battle shall turn
Or low to the tyrant shall kneel.
The foe on the battle-field mercy may crave
And mercy will freely be given;
But the blood of the traitor shall redden
As it gleams with the vengeance of heaven

WEARY UPON OUR ARMS

AIR—'Canadian Boat-song.'

WEARY upon our arms we lie,
No hope to cheer, and no succour nigh
The sun shall return, but who can say
We shall wake to live throughout the day
Rest, comrades, rest; night is but
And nothing is heard but the rain

Comrades in toil, unshrinking still,
The foe shall find us upon this hill;
Though hope be fled, no succour nigh
We will show how free-born Britons die
Rest, comrades, rest; midnight
And nothing is heard but the sw

Rest! O how calmly sleep the brave
E'en where to-morrow may be their grave
Though hope be fled, no succour nigh
They wake to conquer or to die.
Wake, comrades, wake; that morn
Signals that day, and the fight i

THE THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK

"The Thistle is on the cold ground."
England shall bloom on its stem,
The Thistle shall grow,
The British united with them,
And foe.

WE HAVE DRUNK TO THEM WHO'RE AWAY.

AIR—"Here's a health to them that's awa." *Jacobite Song.*

We have drunk to them who're away,
 We have drunk to them who're away;
 And now we will drink to those comrades, my boys,
 Who will dash with us into the fray;
 Who never yet met with the foe
 But victors they came from the fight,
 And to-morrow again the proud foeman shall know
 How the right arm of Britons can smite.

We have drunk to them who're away,
 We have drunk to them who're away;
 And now we will drink in a bumper, my boys,
 "Success to our arms in the fray!"
 We shall triumph, for freedom's our cause;
 We shall triumph, for Britons are brave.
 Hurrah! for Old England, our Queen, and our laws,
 We'll triumph, or sleep in the grave.

We have drunk to them who're away,
 And to our success in the fray;
 And now in a brimmer we'll drink, my brave boys,
 "Speed, speed to the opening day!"
 Every eye that I see sparkles bright,
 With ardour each brave bosom glows;
 Then stand up, my boys, give a "Hip, hip, hurrah!"
 'Tis the shout of our lads in the close.

THE SOLDIER TO THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MAN.

RECITATIVE.

SAY, Peace-at-any-price man, whence thy race,
 Which to the British soil brings but disgrace?
 What Lotus-sire begat, what mother bore,
 And sent thee dreaming from thy native shore?

What! British-born, and bear that foul device?
 Thou from thy boyhood ripe in cowardice;
 So ripe, when Valour's whisper shakes thy tree,
 The falling fruit is stupid perfidy.

The *clown* defends the hamlet of his birth;
Thou woorest insult to thy home and hearth;
His manhood kindles at the foeman's cheer;
Thy trembling knee in homage bends to Fear.

The silly sheep looks danger in the face,
 And stamps defiance ere it seeks the race;
 The very worm will vent its tiny ire;
 Whilst thou wouldst lick the foot, and, licking it, expire.

HYMN.

AIR—"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," No. 325.

LORD GOD of hosts, here in Thy presence kneeling,
 Behold an army gather'd in array;
 Turn not Thy face, O God, from our appealing,
 But help Thy servants through this fearful day.
 Angels obey Thee; strike on our side,
 And be our chief's, as Thou wert Joshua's guide.

Lord God of hosts, do Thou in mercy bless us
 With strength to battle with a manly heart;
 Give courage, should a sinking thought oppress us,
 So that the hand may do a double part.
 Lord, let Thine angels fight on our side,
 And be our chief's, as Thou wert Joshua's guide.

Lord, make the foemen's numbers unavailing;
 Stretch forth Thine arm and save us from despite;
 Make their knees tremble, and all hearts be quailing,
 And Death's dark angel follow in their flight.
 Angels obey Thee; strike on our side,
 And be our chief's, as Thou wert Joshua's guide.

GOOD ALE WILL MAKE US JOLLY.

AIR—"While Joan's ale is new." *Old Song.*

JUST prove 'twill be a gain, or
 I'll ne'er be an abstainer;
 And though no flagon-drainer,
 I'll sign no pledge with you.
 The soldier who can't stay his hand,
 But drinks to lose his self-command,
 We'll banish from our social band,
 While Joan's ale is new,
 While Joan's ale is new, my boys,
 While Joan's ale is new, &c.

Good ale will make us jolly,
 And banish melancholy;
 Yet fools will say 'tis folly
 That we good ale should brew.
 The soldier who can't stay, &c.

Shall we despise the Giver?
 And cast into the river
 The juicy grape, boys? Never;
 Nor yet good ale eschew.
 The soldier who can't stay, &c.

THE SENTRY AT GLORY'S GATE.

AIR—"The Rogues' March." (*Scornfully.*)

THESE are wonderful times,
 O such wonderful times!
 When the wise their own wisdom are preaching
 From the ladder's top round,
 When their trumpet-notes sound
 In magazine writings and speaking;
 When parsons to strengthen their teaching,
 When the forum the pulpit o'er-reaching,
 Would despatch us pell-mell
 Down the highway—well, well—
 Whilst their own hand to glory is reaching.

Let the sage in his pride
 Up to glory's gate ride,
 He will surely find there, boys, a sentry
 Holding fast in his hand
 His chief's written command:
 ' Admit none of those envious gentry;
 Who passes must show a strict entry*
 Of deeds he has done to the sentry,
 Who will judge of the case
 And say " Right about face,"
 Or " Present," as he opens for entry.'

So, my comrades, you see,
 Though now slander'd we be,
 We shall ' challenge ' our letter'd despisers. †
 But we'll open the gate
 To the good and the great,
 Who are ever the soldier's advisers.
 O true-hearted, honest advisers!
 With you we will share the great prize, sirs;
 But will scatter pell-mell
 Down the highway—well, well,
 Such rabble as those our despisers.

Thus they prove the wise say, •
 ' Ev'ry dog has his day,'
 And after a sorry condition;
 For we'll chuck 'em the crumbs,
 As we rattle the drums
 And gather the sheaves of ambition;
 Grave our deeds on the tongue of tradition,
 Which mocks at the sorry condition
 Of those hapless drones
 O'er their crumbs and their bones,
 And their groans in the halls of perdition.

THE SOLDIER'S INHERITANCE.

RECITATIVE.

READ, comrade, on our colours proudly flying,
 The title-deeds of our inheritance;
 Graven by Glory when the brave were dying,
 And Valour waved aloft his conquering lance.

* Defaulter's-Sheet. † See Preface.

Inheritance of Peril's stormy pleasure,
 Of heart of fire to meet the battle's shock,
 Of ready foot that laughs at music's measure,
 Of fame that at the wing of Time doth mock.

Beyond the price of miser's heap'd up riches,
 Beyond what sage or senator can buy;
 Inheritance of History's golden niches
 Alone are theirs who conquer or who die.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

AIR—"Contented wi' little." *Burns.*

"CONTENTED wi' little and cantie wi' mair,"
 The heart of the soldier can never know care;
 His country's his corps, and his corps is his home,
 And comrades are brothers wherever they roam.

When quarter'd at home, why, what matter, if drill'd,
 He meets with a friend and his glass is refill'd;
 He's welcomed by beauty, young, blooming, and fair;
 Then where is the soldier whose heart can know care?

And when the route comes, with a heart leal and light
 He hears the drum beat with a thrill of delight;
 Though he marches away all privations to bear,
 The heart of the soldier can never know care.

And when hostile front and front mingle in strife,
 O, who like the soldier so careless of life;
 But *there* his true heart's ever destined to care,
 That he, though in death, in the triumph may share.

HURRAH, FOR THE RIFLE AND SWORD!

AIR—"Paddy Snap."

QUICK! we have not a minute;
 On to the wood on the height.
 Double, until you are in it,
 And then extend to the right.

See, their column's advancing,
Rounding the foot of the hill;
Their flag in the bright sun glancing,
Take cover—quick—and be still.
Soon their round-shot will pound us;
Stick every man to his tree;
And though the limbs crash round us,
Be cool and aim from the knee.

“Sight” for six hundred paces,
Let none come over the ford,
Steady, and keep in your places,
Fire quick, but say not a word.
Heed not the falling timber;
Hark, hark to that British cheer!
We've made their gunners “limber,”
And gallop back to the rear.
Quick! we have not a minute;
Double, boys, down to the ford;
Now our horsemen are in it:
Hurrah! for the rifle and sword.

MY FRIEND SAYS HE'S HAPPY.

AIR—“My lodging is on the cold ground.”

My friend says he's happy, that happiness lies
In riches, and pleasure, and ease;
How blind not to see that the bold spirit flies
To treasures far higher than these!
Can hope of sweet pleasure the inner man fire?
Will riches not deaden the heart?
Can soft ease arouse us? No, no, something higher
Leads man to a nobler part.

He pities my lot, as he scornfully tells
The pleasure of counting his gain,
'Tis little he thinks how the soldier's heart swells
When the bugle-note wakens the plain.
The tramp of the foe has a charm for the soul,
There's danger to dare and subdue;
And Fame every fearless heart stoops to enrol,
Though red-handed Death be in view.

WILTSHIRE WILL.

AIR—"The Young Man's Dream."

O LEAVE his belts on him, boys, let him lie there
 To look as he ever look'd, ready to dare.
 That shatter'd limb, gently!—there leave his brow red,
 For better nor purer blood ever was shed.

And leave, too, the cross he so modestly wore,
 Though the boast and the pride of each man in the corps;
 Place his right hand above it, just over his heart,
 Both true to their country, both true to their part.

Lay his rifle beside him—I saw its bright crown
 Flash first in the breach when the foemen went down;
 And to-day, held aloft in front of the fray,
 The brave follow'd on as Will shouted, "Hurrah!"

When hit, he cried "Mother!" looked upwards and smiled,
 And all the stern soldier was lost in the child;
 Hope beam'd in his face as it beams in it now,
 As if that fond mother were smoothing his brow.

Poor Will! ne'er a woman more loving and kind,
 And none to the faults of a friend half so blind!
 Here! pillow his head with his knapsack, and then
 Lay the cloak o'er the gentlest, the humblest of men.

Ay, ay, smooth the sod, boys; and never did Earth
 Enfold in her bosom more soldierly worth;
 For where the brave battled on this bloody hill,
 The foremost, as ever, was poor Wiltshire Will.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO THE BRAVE.

AIR—"Miss Forbes' Farewell."

• COMRADE! no idle tears we bring,
 Nor drooping plume adorns thy grave,
 But o'er thee rifle volleys ring
 "The soldier's farewell to the brave."
 Light be the turf upon thy breast,
 And summer blossoms lightly fall,
 The laurel mark thy place of rest
 And be thine everlasting pall.

'Twere sin to mourn for one so true
To corps and country, soldier rare!
Who, when the charging trumpet blew
Was aye in front to do and dare.
Our banner to the breeze we fling
As thou hast seen it boldly fly,
When we would rally, shout and sing
"Old England ever! Victory!"

Thy praise in song we gaily give
And garlands round our temples twine,
Our joy's to know the brave shall live
Immortal'd in the life divine.
Blow, bugles, blow! as breezes, free,
And drum and fife the swell prolong!
The festive wine we'll pledge for thee
To crown the chorus of our song.

'Twas BY THE WATCH-FIRE'S LIGHT.

AIR—"March to the Battle-field." (*With feeling.*)

'Twas by the watch-fire's light
My faithful soldier left me;
He, marching to the fight—
Alas, that fight bereft me
Of all that e'er
Could make life dear,
It left my poor heart breaking!
That dreadful night
The watch-fire's light
Fond mem'ry will be waking.
'Twas by the watch-fire's light
My faithful soldier left me;
Ah, cruel, cruel fight,
That of my love bereft me!

A lonely widow'd bride,
 Through life's dark stream I'm straying,
 And feel its ebbing tide
 Is wearily delaying,
 Yet soon 'twill cease,
 Then, then in peace
 We'll meet, nor more be parted.
 Beyond the tomb
 Lies that sweet home
 Where none are broken-hearted.
 'Twas by the watch-fire's light.

THE CROSS AND THE TRICOLOR.

AIR—"British Grenadiers."

THE sons of France
 With sword and lance
 Make all her streets look gay;
 In many a camp
 The soldiers' tramp
 Is heard the livelong day.
 Drum answers drum,
 Fife answers fife,
 As chanticleers at morn;
 And citizen
 And husbandmen
 Wake to the bugle-horn.

Why this array?
 Why keep in pay
 Six hundred thousand men?
 Savoy and Nice
 Are but a piece;
 Next is the Rhine; and then—
 Nay, now—they boast*
 Their conquering host
 Shall tread the British soil;
 That town and village
 They will pillage,
 And homeward bear the spoil.

* Written at the time of the French Colonels' threats.

Fools! do they think
That they shall drink
The fountains of the free?
That we will yield
To them the field,
Or lordship of the sea?
Let Badajos,
Rodrigo's fosse,
And Waterloo ring out;
Aboukir's bay,
Trafalgar, say
Who raised the victors' shout.

We conquer'd then;
And stalwart men
But wait old England's beck,
To storm the fort,
Or port to port
Leap to the bloody deck.
The Red Cross, fast
Nail'd to the mast,
Shall, flying, sooner sink,
Than that the Gaul
It down shall haul,
Or we from battle shrink.

Shall France dismay
With her array
The men whose flag's unfurl'd,
Dauntless and free,
On every sea,
And sways one half the world?
On sea or shore,
We ask no more
Than once our strength to try;
And, as before,
The Tricolor,
Beneath the Cross shall lie.

THE TROOPER.

RECITATIVE.

UNHORSED, unhelm'd, undaunted, and alone,
 A British trooper mourn'd his gallant roan;
 When from the Russian lines two horsemen dash'd,
 One, lance in rest—the other's sabre flash'd.

"Briton, thy choice!—no time for parley here;
 Life and this thong—death and the Russian spear?"
 "Strapp'd to thy stirrup, serf! no, no, the free
 Accepts the spear and death if so it be."

"Defiant! take thy choice," the Lancer cried,
 And struck the rowels in his charger's side;
 The plunge, the point, the parry, and return,
 And one more Russian mother's made to mourn.

Seizing the foeman's lance, the Briton said,
 "I hold my choice, and see thy comrade dead!"
 "But half is thine; still, Briton, thou may'st choose;
 Yield up the lance; 'tis death should'st thou refuse."

The plunge, the blow, the parry, and the thrust,
 And down the Russian's rolling in the dust.
 "The prize we share!" the Briton taunting, cried;
 "The shaft I hold, the spear is in thy side."

THE GUNNER'S FIELD OF PRIDE.

AIR—"The German Rhine."

WE saw—two armies saw it—
 To us a glorious sight,
 A noble British batt'ry
 Defy the Frenchman's might;
 Hemm'd in by twenty squadrons,
 Unaided and alone,
 They show'd how British gunners
 Go heart and hand as one.

We saw—two armies saw it—
 Men surging to and fro
 Amid the fierce commotion,
 Each eager for his blow.
 The lifted blades are flashing
 And angry cries we hear,
 Whilst o'er the din of battle
 Rings high the British cheer.

We saw—two armies saw it—
 The mass has rent, and then
 From out its fiery centre
 Rode Ramsay and his men,
 Hurling the horsemen from them,
 Down crushing those who stay,
 And wheel, and hoof, and sabre,
 Come gory from the fray.

We saw—two armies saw it—
 And watch'd with bated breath
 The gallant Norman Ramsay
 Dare numbers to the death.
 In battle's fiercest furnace
 The British heart was tried
 At Fuentes Onoro,*
 The gunner's field of pride.

SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART.

In reply to "Drink to her who long." *Irish Melodies.*

SAY not woman's heart
 Was made for bards alone,
 Or that their magic art
 Can wake its sweetest tone.
 No, no, though harp and song
 Awhile her heart may move,
 To the brave alone belong
 Dear woman's looks of love.
 Then say not woman's heart
 Was made for bards alone;
 It is the soldier's part
 To wake its sweetest tone.

* See Napier.

O, Minstrel! maiden's eye
 Ne'er beams with fullest joy
 Save when her true love's nigh,
 Her honest soldier boy.
 When from the battle-plain
 He comes, released from toil,
 The soldier meets again
 Dear woman's sweetest smile.
 Then say not woman's heart
 Was made for bards alone;
 It is the soldier's part
 To wake its sweetest tone.

THE CROSS AND CRESCENT.*

AIR— "The British Grenadiers."

NOT as our lion-hearted King and Saladin we meet,
 But on the British quarter-deck the eastern King we greet;
 The Cross and Crescent flying high, that all the world may know
 We're friends as firm as we were foes six hundred years ago.

The quarter-deck! befitting place for Britain's Queen to stand
 When she bestows the choicest gift she has at her command;
 The Star bedecks the Sultan's breast, that all the world may know
 We're friends as firm as we were foes six hundred years ago.

Through her proud fleet our Ocean Queen conveys her princely
 guest,
 Who ever and anon exclaims, "The West! the mighty West!"
 Long may our ensigns fly aloft, that all the world may know
 We're friends as firm as we were foes six hundred years ago.

The pride of Eastern chivalry, the noblest of the West,
 Opposing, fell in that loved land which both esteem "the blest;"
 And now our ensigns fly aloft, that all the world may know
 We're friends as firm as we were foes six hundred years ago.

* Written in commemoration of the Sultan's reception by the Queen, 1867.

CAN'T LOVE HIM ENOUGH.

AIR—"The Pop." From old English Opera, *Lionel and Clarissa*.

DEAR Jeanie, I tell you, without any jest,
 The man of all men that I hate and detest
 Is he who keeps telling,
 His own bosom's swelling
 With ardour so bright, that he's ready and willing
 To give, as a war tax, from income a shilling,
 To keep off the foeman—
 The stay-at-home no man!
 I'd cuff him! the woman!
 Flaunt his face with my muff,
 Round his neck tie my ruff,
 And fan
 The brave man
 With his own baby-puff.
 Dear Jeanie, I really can't hate him enough.

But that gallant fellow who marches away
 To perils, privations, to battle and fray;
 The foremost, the fearless,
 In loyalty peerless;
 The hopeful, when all around's dreary and cheerless;
 The daring, that woman may shed but one tear less—
 One less by the hoary;
 Whose own's England's story;
 Whose fame is her glory:
 With a kiss for a cuff,
 And my arms for a ruff,
 I'd cheer
 Up the dear
 For each battle's rebuff.
 Dear Jeanie, I really can't love him enough.

THE BLUE RIBBON OF OUR RACE.

AIR—"A famous man was Robin Hood."

BEFORE the world's tribunal came—
 Appellant from the court of Fame—
 A bard, who claim'd the foremost place
 In the great Derby of our race.

He pleaded long in words of fire,
Triumphantly he swept the lyre,
Until this chorus of the throng
Silenced the refrain of his song:

“ The bard holds but the second place
In the great Derby of our race,
Where glory is the stake, and Fame,
The umpire, shouts the victor's name.

“ We love the poet's tuneful lyre,
But more the soldier's soul of fire,
Whose valour wins the foremost place
And the blue ribbon of our race.”

WELCOME TO WINDSOR'S OLD HALL.

AIR—“ Over the sea.”

BRAVE men and free, 'tis my decree,
Guest of his Queen every soldier shall be;
Listen to me, brave men and free,

 Welcome to Windsor's old hall.

Then march, march, march,

Ye lads of the feather,

Who strike home together;

March, march, march,

 Trooper and spearman and all.

Brave men and free, 'tis my decree,
Guest of his Queen every soldier shall be;
Listen to me, brave men and free,

 Welcome to Windsor's old hall.

Merrily sing, merrily sing,

Welcome, thrice welcome to each one we bring;

Merrily sing, merrily sing,

 “ Welcome to Windsor's old hall.”

Then march, march, march,

Ye lads of the feather,

Who conquer'd together;

March, march, march,

 Gunner and guardsman and all.

Brave men and free, 'tis my decree,
Guest of his Queen every soldier shall be;
Listen to me, brave men and free,

 Welcome to Windsor's old hall.

PROGRESS.

RECITATIVE.

SAGES say the world's progressing,
 Distancing the laggard Past;
 No retreating, onward pressing,
 Sowing, reaping, gathering fast.
 Soldiers! swords for sickles bring—
 Fame is valour's harvesting.

Wealth to wealth the rich man gathers,
 Storing with a double hand;
 And the poor, unlike their fathers,
 Eat the fatness of the land.
 Better win the world's acclaim—
 Glean the scatter'd leaves of Fame.

Riches perish, joys are fleeting,
 Progress treads upon decay,
 Wildly at each step repeating
 "Every dog must have his day."
 Sowing upon Time no name,
 Soldiers only reaping Fame.

THE VOICE OF AFFECTION.

AIR—"The Maid of Llangollen."

WHEN I'm marching, campaigning, wherever I roam,
 My heart will turn back to my own dear old home,
 Where joy crown'd the hearth and affection the bower,
 And fill'd up the measure of each passing hour.
 When I'm marching, &c.

On my ear fall the chimes as they fell long ago,
 And the sweet song of birds where the primroses grow;
 But in memory's crown the gem brightest I wear
 Is my loved sister's voice and my fond mother's prayer.
 When I'm marching, &c.

Though my hair has long since changed from chestnut to gray,
 And the cherish'd have all, one by one, pass'd away,
 They are still my companions wherever I roam,
 For I live 'midst the scenes of my own dear old home.
 When I'm marching, &c.

In life's eve returning, the primrose will grow,
 And the wild chimes will ring as they rang long ago;
 But the hall of my fathers another shall tread,
 And the voice of affection's alone from the dead.
 When I'm marching, &c.

ALDERSHOT CAMP.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

AT first 'twas said
 The camp was made
 For quarters in the summer;
 And every one
 Then thought it fun,
 From captain to the drummer,
 To toil away
 Through hot field-day,
 To skirmish and to rally,
 And column form,
 The hill to storm,
 Or charge up the long valley.
 But, O! the winter, the long and dreary winter,
 Of heath and bog,
 And damp and fog,
 The weary, dreary winter!

The drifting snow,
 The chilling thaw,
 And then the rain comes pouring,
 To make each hut
 A waterbutt,
 And angel tempers souring.

The stormy wind
With these combined
Through every chink is throbbing
In swelling tones,
In dying moans,
Now sighing and now sobbing.
O, the winter, the long and dreary winter,
Of heath and bog,
And damp and fog,
The weary, dreary winter!

From eight at night
Till morning light
Upon our beds we're rolling;
And if 'tis wet,
All day we sit,
Or listlessly are lolling,
Without the bliss
Of woman's kiss,
Without her smile to warm us,
Without the chance
Of one sweet glance
To cherish and to charm us,
Through the winter, the long and dreary winter,
Of heath and bog,
Of damp and fog,
The weary, dreary winter!

There's not a bush
To woo a thrush;
There's not a linnet singing;
There's not a blade
Of grass to shade
The daisy as it's springing;
The summers rust
To sable dust
And blacken all creation;
And autumn wears
But heath and furze
To show its desolation.
But, O! the winter, the long, the dreary winter
Of heath and bog,
Of damp and fog,
The dreary, weary winter!

FRIENDSHIP.

AIR—"Hark! 'tis the Moorish evening drum."

WHENEVER Memory calls her roll,
 Scenes through the vista loom,
 While in the front rank, bright and clear,
 Appears the barrack room.
 More in advance, the lone vedette,
 The comrade of my heart,
 Watches and warns as ills beset,
 And acts true friendship's part.
 Whenever, &c.

Friendship! where weavest thou thy band?
 Where, guided by one aim,
 Men march to free their native land,
 Or win a place in fame.
 The perill'd life, the triumph shared,
 The ready help that's given,
 Twine round the heart in friendship here
 And lift the soul to heaven.
 Whenever, &c.

HOPE ON AND HOPE EVER.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

HOPE on and hope ever, through sorrow and care;
 The faint-hearted never gain'd aught by despair.
 Hope on and take courage, the brave never rue;
 Whilst faint-heart demurrage pays long ere 'tis due.

Hope on and hope ever, be firm to the end;
 Hope on, for you'll never find such a true friend.
 Though foemen may thicken, 'tis hope cheers the brave;
 And the good man, when stricken, sees hope in the grave.

Hope on and hope ever the battle to win;
 The faint heart hopes never, but basely gives in.
 His life's cup, though bitter, he drinks as he sighs
 And, the slave! hugs the fetter which brave men despise.

Hope on and hope ever, be firm to the end ;
Hope on, for you'll never find such a true friend.
Though foemen may thicken, 'tis hope cheers the brave ;
And the good man, when stricken, sees hope in the grave.

MY FIRST STRIPE.

AIR—"The midges dance above the burn."

THE captain owns his company,
The colonel owns his corps,
But neither half so proud as I
When my "first stripe" I wore.
My first stripe—O! I felt as though
An inch I'd taller grown,
With cap more careless on my brow
I thought the world my own.

I sought my father's fireside ;
He bless'd his soldier boy ;
Methinks I see his look of pride,
My mother's tear of joy ;
My young heart then was bounding light,
Nor care nor sorrow knew,
The future, fancy painted bright,
The present happy flew.

My dreams were glory, battles won,
The scouting party beat,
The post surprised ere rise of sun,
The masterly retreat.
I felt the laurel on my brow,
I knelt at honour's shrine ;
The aigulet, the plume of snow,
The cross and star were mine.

COME INTO THE CANTEEN, JOE.

AIR—"Come into the garden, Maud." *Tennyson.*

COME into the canteen, Joe,
 For Bass's best brew's on the run;
 Come into the canteen, Joe,
 For I'm sitting here all alone;
 And the smoke of the weed floats in clouds through
 the room,
 As from the long clay it is blown.

I said to the settle, "Where's Joe?
 For Bacchus's star is on high."
 And then to the bench, "Do you know?"
 But the devil a word in reply.
 So I swore to the Jug, if he did not come soon,
 I'd drink it myself till 'twas dry.

There has fall'n a briny tear
 From the tapster into the grate;
 He's coming, he's coming, don't fear,
 He's sure to be here, though he's late.
 So I pull'd at my pipe, and I read in its wreath,
 "Joe's coming, but still you must wait."

I said, "Well, well, here's a go,"
 Took a jolly good swig at the beer.
 Sipped t'other quart till it grew low,
 And then my head got very queer.
 And all that I felt was the hard fist of Joe,
 And all that I heard was his cheer.

PORTUGUESE SONG OF PEACE.

AIR—"Portuguese song of war." *Moore.*

THE song of peace now echoes through our mountains,
 Where wasting war was heard erewhile;
 But now our teeming valleys smile,
 And joyous peasants safely toil
 Beside their vines and native fountains;

While underneath the olive's shade,
 Our maids their tresses twine and braid,
 And dance and sing upon the glade,
 And lovers wander through our vales and mountains.

A grateful song now echoes through our mountains
 To Britain's soldiers, whose red brand
 Has sever'd Lusitania's band,
 Winning back freedom to our land
 Of olives, vines, and streams and fountains.
 Peace! O peace! for ever smile
 Upon their happy glorious isle;
 And never may the traitor's guile,
 Or foeman's foot pollute her vales or mountains!

THE LANCER.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground." (*Boldly.*)

HURRAH for the lancer! his eye sparkles bright,
 When the foeman appears on the field;
 His bosom swells high as he rushes to fight,
 To conquer, but never to yield.
 The flag that waves o'er him has often been dyed
 In the purple life-stream of the foe,
 Nor long be the time, boys, when we from his side,
 Shall again make that purple stream flow.
 Hurrah for the lancer! &c.

When dispersed in pursuit, with his glittering spear
 He strikes down the foe to the ground;
 On, on still he gallops, nor checks his career,
 Till he hears the "Recall" trumpet sound.
 Unrivall'd in battle, his heart knows no care,
 If his own native island be free;
 He is reckless of life, when there's danger to dare;
 And in friendship none truer can be.
 Hurrah for the lancer! &c.

LOVE, WINE, AND GLORY.

PILLOW'D on the lap of Love,
 Toying with her tresses;
 Lost to all below, above,
 In a cloud of kisses:
 Whisp'ring to my soul, I said,
 "Here shall ever be thy bed."

Bacchus, jealous, vow'd a vow,
 That his witching glasses
 Soon should make me feel and know
 Wine all else surpasses.
 Magic draught! though brief the bliss,
 Rival 'tis to woman's kiss.

"Sweet is Love and balmy Wine,"
 Scoffingly cried Glory;
 "Come and tread the path divine,
 Live in England's story.
 Youth then, wond'ring, knees shall bow;
 Age, in homage, bare his brow."

Nobler passions, nobler aims,
 Nobler thoughts came flashing—
 "On, and win the world's acclaims,
 Where bright swords are clashing;
 Wafted on the wing of fame,
 Ages hence shall sing thy name."

THE GALLOPING HUSSAR.

AIR—"Judy Callaghan."

THE galloping hussars
 Are of a sprightly genus,
 And though they're sworn to Mars,
 They're devotees of Venus.
 Although her star's on high,
 And fair at night its gleam is,
 Look in sweet woman's eye,
 'Tis there its brightest beam is.

Yes, those eyes
Are brighter than the planet;
Love there lies
Nor burns till soldiers fan it.

See yon lovely maid,
So beautiful in blushes,
What is it but love,
That to her cheek thus rushes?
Did ever woman look
On lover half so charming,
Or ever lover look
On woman half so warming?
Round and round
They thread the dance's measure,
Lock'd as one,
With hearts brimful of pleasure.

'Tis not because they have
More manly forms or features,
It is because they're brave,
They're loved by the dear creatures.
Their looks of love they give
To him who is most daring;
And who like the hussar
Can claim those looks to share in?
Who like him
Can thread the dance's measure,
Fill like him
Sweet Beauty's cup of pleasure?

COUNTRY QUARTERS *versus* PERMANENT CAMP LIFE.

AIR—"I remember."

I REMEMBER, I remember,
In the jolly days gone by,
Our old pleasant country quarters;
Now this camp is all my eye!
What sweet smiling pretty faces
Would greet us after drill;
O, well I do remember
Those old country quarters still.

I remember, I remember,
 In those jolly days gone by,
 How the lasses' smiles and kisses
 Fill'd a fellow's heart with joy.

I remember, when a-marching,
 How the lads and lasses came,
 And the boys upon men's shoulders,
 And the old man with his dame;
 All with merry happy faces
 Gave a welcome loud and shrill;
 O, they cause me to remember
 Those old country quarters still.
 I remember, I remember,
 In those jolly days gone by,
 How the lasses' smiles and kisses
 Fill'd a fellow's heart with joy.

From December to December
 I look out upon the camp,
 Upon its tarry sameness,
 And upon its dust and damp;
 O, its solitude and sadness
 My very pulse do chill,
 And they cause me to remember
 Our old country quarters still.
 I remember, I remember,
 In the jolly days gone by,
 How the lasses and the glasses
 Fill'd a fellow's heart with joy.

CONSECRATION OF THE SWORD.

RECITATIVE.

COME, comrades, gather round the board,
 And consecrate our own true sword,
 That's flash'd in many a field of fame,
 But never yet was sheath'd in shame.

Sprinkled with wine, with hearts elate,
 Our sword to Him we consecrate,
 Who makes its flash in foeman's eye
 The promise of our victory.

Asserter of old England's rights,
Avenger of her wrongs and slights,
Guard of her homes—my cherish'd blade!
Thrice bless'd, by mother, wife, and maid.

Soon on the field thine edge shall shed
Libations of a deeper red,
To Him who makes its flash to be
The herald of our victory.

THE DASHING HUSSAR.

AIR—"The Black Joke."

O, LOVE is the soul of the dashing hussar;
He dearly loves woman and dearly loves war,
With his carbine so true and his sabre so keen.
He ne'er marches into a village or town,
But the dear lovely creatures put on their best gown;
And when marching out, the last kiss and good-bye
Bring the crystal tear-drop in each pretty blue eye,
For the dashing hussar with his sabre so keen.

From their bivouac slumbers no soldiers e'er rose
With hearts half so lightsome to meet their proud foes,
As the gallant hussars with their sabres so keen.
They welcome the battle day, bridle and mount,
Then swift as the whirlwind dash on to the front,
In skirmishing order the foeman to check
Or charge line or column,—'tis little they reck,
With their carbines so true and their sabres so keen.

Who so swift in pursuit when a column is broke,
Whose arm can strike home with so deadly a stroke,
As the gallant hussars with their sabres so keen?
On picquet at night, who so watchful as they?
Who so warily patrol along the lone way?
Surprising the foeman, who never can know
On which flank to look for the vigilant foe,
With his carbine so true and his sabre so keen.

Then pledge, in a bumper, the gallant hussar,
 Unrival'd in love, as he's peerless in war,
 With his carbine so true and his sabre so keen.
 As true as his sabre the throne to defend,
 Is the gallant hussar to each comrade and friend;
 And, old England free, not a care does he know,
 But how he may come within reach of the foe,
 With his carbine so true and his sabre so keen.

THE HUSSAR.

AIR—"Then a toast to dear woman."

QUICK! bridle and mount—your "telling off" mind,
 Let no word break the stillness of night;
 On his flank soon the foeman the hussar shall find,
 With his carbine and sabre so bright;
 Or haply his picquet surprising
 As safely in fancy he lay;
 No matter which, ere the sun's rising,
 Through his ranks we will carry dismay.

Chorus.

Safe return'd, let us fill high the glass, boys,
 To the comrades who with us did ride;
 To our chief let the welcome toast pass, boys,
 And nine cheers for the hero beside.
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! of our corps he's the pride;
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
 Of our corps he's the glory and pride.

Quick, quick, boys, and mount! not a moment's delay,
 They know not the snare we have laid:
 See, they come, not a man can escape us, away!
 There's death in the gleam of your blade.
 'Twas well done, although twice our number,
 None shall mingle again in the fray;
 On the mountain's side coldly they slumber,
 Not one lives to tell of the day.

Chorus.

Let us pledge on the field of our glory
 The comrades who with us did ride;
 And may our chief long live in story;
 Come, nine cheers for the hero beside.
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah! &c.

IS WANT A CRIME?

"From what I have seen at Netley, I should say that we are now tapping the lowest strata of our population for recruits. . . . The shilling of the recruiting sergeant appears in most cases to have been the last resource against absolute want"—*Sir C. E. Trevelyan.*

AIR—"Alley Croker."

WHEN master died
 For work I tried;
 But being 'prentice only,
 All turned me back
 With, "Trade is slack;"
 So I sat sad and lonely,
 Or walk'd the street
 In snow and sleet,
 Hoping, but still in sorrow,
 That some kind friend
 A hand would lend,
 And give me work to-morrow.
 O, to-morrow! and give me work to-morrow.
 But still the same,
 When morning came,
 I walk'd the streets in sorrow.

Poor father sigh'd,
 And mother cried,
 For he was old and ailing;
 The grate was cold,
 The cupboard told
 Their little store was failing;
 Poor sister Jean,
 Just seventeen,

And I were broken-hearted;
 We kiss'd "good-night,"
 And 'fore 'twas light
 To tramp for work I started.
 O, the tramping! from town to town this tramping;
 Folk little know
 The want and woe
 That dog our steps when tramping.

No work I found
 In all my round;
 But when my heart would falter,
 I knew and felt
 That mother knelt
 For me before God's altar;
 Thus strengthen'd, I
 Again would try,
 Again the "tramp" would follow;
 But still the same,
 When ev'ning came,
 Want stood beside my pillow.
 O, that pillow! want stood beside my pillow;
 But honest pride
 Said, "Only bide
 And I will make thy pillow."

Beside my bed,
 In lonely shed,
 There stood a knight reviling;
 But how abash'd—
 Like hound that's lash'd—
 He looked, when angels smiling
 Said, "Bide your time,
 For want's no crime,
 When hand and heart are willing;
 Still let thy guide
 Be honest pride:
 Go, take the 'listing shilling."
 O, the shilling! I took the 'listing shilling;
 Now prouder far,
 In peace or war,
 Than knight that scorns the shilling.

THE BRITON'S LAND.

AIR—"The German Land."

KNOW ye the land where honest Truth
Is crown to age, and stay to youth;
Where Beauty's deck'd by Virtue's hand,
And Love beside them takes her stand?
We know that favour'd land full well;
'Tis where the true-soul'd Britons dwell.

Know ye the land where speech is free,
Where manhood never bows the knee, .
Where men to men as brothers stand,
And Justice holds an even hand?
We know that glorious land full well;
'Tis where the free-soul'd Britons dwell.

Know ye the land whose foes declare
Her sons will do what gods would dare,
Turning where numbers thickest stand
With forward foot and ready hand?
We know that glorious land full well;
'Tis where the free-soul'd Britons dwell.

THE VETERAN'S PARTING.

My days among you now are past.
Old comrades tried and true;
No matter where my lot be cast,
My heart will be with you:
In camp, in barrack-room, and when
You gather to the shock of men.

And fondly will my memory dwell
With those who've gone before,
Who by our side for England fell
Amid the cannon's roar;
The bold defiant comrades, when
We gather'd to the shock of men.

The living and the dead shall stand
 On memory's parade;
 The truthful heart, the trusty hand
 That bore the ready blade;
 That never fail'd, my comrades, when
 We gather'd to the shock of men.

And when this earth shall melt in flame,
 The heavens a crumpled scroll,
 May each one see his humble name
 On God's great muster-roll;
 And as he hears it called, reply,
 "Great God of Armies, here am I!"

THE THIRD (PRINCE OF WALES') DRAGOON GUARDS.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

THE trumpet is sounding, and hark! there's the gun;
 "Mount!" "forward!" "be steady!" the fight is begun;
 Keep your horses in hand, press them on with the heel,
 Lean well to the shock, boys, and then ply the steel.
 As did the bold Third upon Blenheim's red plain
 When charging through squadrons again and again.
 O, the shout of battle, the rush on the foe,
 Is a pleasure that none but the soldier can know.

Remember brave Wood upon Ramilies' field,
 When the Third made the Guards of Bavaria yield;
 Their standard and kettle-drums prove to this day
 Our old gallant corps was ne'er match'd in the fray.
 It has often been tried, but never yet fail'd,
 Whilst the gleam of its sabres the foeman's cheek paled.
 O, the shout of battle, &c.

Talavera, Vittoria, and Usagre tell,
 How fierce on the Frenchmen the Third's sabres fell;
 Each witness'd our standard in victory fly,
 And this day shall witness that standard on high.
 The trumpet is sounding, and loud booms the gun,
 Spring into your saddles, the fight is begun.
 O, the shout of battle, &c.

DEAR HARP, NO MARTIAL STRAIN.

DEAR harp, no martial strain I ask from thee,
But soft and plaintive be thy melody;
Sweet strains congenial to my spirit bring,
Whilst I attempt my faded flow'r to sing.

How dear the solemn silent hours of night!
For then my weary spirit takes its flight
To her who dwells beyond the starry zone—
My first, last love—my lost lamented one.

When stirring scenes of camp with daylight close,
And comrades round have sunk in soft repose;
When all is hush'd, my feelings then will blend
With hers I love, my first, my only friend.

Dear hallow'd shade! not long the time may be
When day and night no change shall bring to me;
Then, with thy spirit *mine* shall rest above,
Where all is happiness, for all is love.

TOM TOBIN* AND MARSHAL MASSENA.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

- SAYS Marshal Massena, "Sir, how many men,
In thousands, has Crawford?" cries Tobin, "He's ten."
"Tis false!" cried the Marshal; "the Coa was cross'd
With only five thousand, and one he has lost."
With taunting defiance thus Tobin replied:
"Although I'm your pris'ner, and though I have lied,
Know this of a truth, then, with four thousand men,
Our Crawford will beat you, though you may bring ten.
"Why talk about numbers! If Crawford but nods,
His men march right onwards, ne'er counting the odds;
Whilst you and your Frenchmen the battle will shun,
Unless to the battle you bring three to one."
In a fury Massena swore Tobin should die,
For daring a Marshal of France to defy.
"Guard, march off your pris'ner! [*Aside*] Gods! what chief could cope
With such men, and conquer? 'Twere hoping 'gainst hope."

* Historically true.

I LIVE ALL ALONE WITH MY MOTHER.

AIR—"The pretty maid milking her cow."

I LIVE all alone with my mother,
And nothing but straw for my bed,
O, bother ! I'll never have other,
Until my true lover I wed.
But now he is wearing the feather,
And marching the world up and down ;
O, I'd make his bed in all weather,
Would he but come back for his own !

All day I am thinking about him,
My dreamings are broken by fears ;
I can't live much longer without him,
I'm drowning so fast in my tears.
O, were we but once more together,
Though marching the world up and down,
'Tis I'd make his bed in all weather,
Would he but come back for his own.

I'd wake him before the *réveille*,
I'd march by his side all the day ;
When halting he'd kiss his own Nelly,
And I'd sing him songs by the way.
And when that the marching was over,
The moon and the stars overhead,
The closer I'd cuddle my lover,
Though his cloak alone were our bed.

THE FIFTH (NORTHUMBRIAN) FUSILIERS.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

OUR colours wave o'er us and proudly shall fly,
As victory's emblem when foemen are nigh ;
Triumphant we bore them o'er Rodrigo's fosse,
And Major Ridge planted them on famed Badajos.
And our war-song shall be,
As we march to the field :
*Where fate, boys, shall call us,**
What matter—we're ready
To dare and to conquer, but never to yield.

* Regimental motto.

Salamanca, Busaco, and Orthes attest
 We trail'd the proud eagle of France in the dust;
 And Russian cheeks paled as they turn'd from the fight,
 On the green hill of Alma and Inkerman's height.
 And our war-song shall be, &c.

This day the Northumbrian soldier shall stand,
 The foremost as ever, where hand grapples with hand;
 The "fighting Fifth" boast not, but dauntless will do
 "Whatever the brave in the battle dare view."
 And our war-song shall be, &c.

Our colours wave o'er us and proudly shall fly,
 As victory's emblem when foemen are nigh;
 And ever unstain'd by defeat shall they wave,
 Or the last Fusilier shall lie low in the grave.
 And our war-song shall be, &c.

THE SEVENTY-NINTH (CAMERON) HIGHLANDERS.

AIR—"Allister M'Allister."

THE Cameronian Highlanders
 To battle rush wi' lusty cheers,
 Nae daunted heart 'mang them appears,
 But a' are wud* to close.

The Sphynx they won by Egypt's flood,
 And dyed it deep in Gallic blood;
 At Egmont-op-Zee proud they stood
 Triumphant o'er their foes.
 The Cameronian Highlanders, &c.

Famed Salamanca, Fuentés,
 The Nive and Nivelles, Pyrenees,
 Waterloo, and victories
 They won from Russian foes.
 The Cameronian Highlanders, &c.

* Mad.

Around the throne of Britain's Queen
 There's no a braver band, I ween,
 Than the Highland lads in tartan sheen,
 The kilt, the plaid, the hose.
 The Cameronian Highlanders, &c.

Your chanter blaw, my bonnie chiel;
 Come, gie's our gallant clansman's reel,
 Wi' that we'll face the vera deil—
 Our rush wha daur oppose?
 The Cameronian Highlanders, &c.

COME TO ME.

AIR—"Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 379.

COME to Me, ye heavy laden,
 Lay your burden on My breast;
 Sire and son, and wife and maiden,
 Come, and I will give you rest.

Whate'er be the lot assign'd you,
 Kindly friends and quiet homes,
 Trouble there is sure to find you,
 As it meets the heart that roams.

You who bear your country's banner,
 Trust the Father on the throne;
 He it is who guards her honour,
 He who gives the heart its tone.

When you are cast down and weary,
 When the sun of hope grows dim,
 Pray the God of battle's near ye,
 Pray for strength you'll find in Him.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE 93^D (M'GREGOR)
HIGHLANDERS AT BALACLAVA.

AIR—"Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?"

WHO would not fight for glory?
 Who fears the foeman's glaive?
 Who'd shun the bed that's gory?
 Let him turn and live a slave.
 Firm with shoulder lock'd to shoulder,
 Here we'll bide the horseman's might;
 And if fated, here shall moulder
 Hearts that never shunn'd the fight.
 Who would not fight for glory?
 Who fears the foeman's glaive?
 Who'd shun the bed that's gory?
 Let him turn and live a slave.

Britain's honour's with M'Gregor;
 Russia's shame is in our steel;
 Soon shall pull of Highland trigger
 Turn her eagles' feather'd heel.
 Ninety-third! we'll die, but never
 Yield to any haughty foe;
 Life and honour go together;
 British hearts shall never bow.
 Yes—we'll fight for Britain's glory,
 We will fear no foeman's glaive,
 We will shun no bed that's gory,
 Highland heart shall ne'er be slave.

SKIRMISHING SONG.

AIR—"Moneymusk."

WATCH the centre—work together—
 Watch and wait and work together—
 Change and turn and front together—
 Watch and wait and work together.
 "By the centre"—they're retiring—
 "Forward," cool, but quick your firing;
 Dash for cover; if there's none,
 Wait for comrade, lying down.
 Watch the centre—on together—
 Watch and wait and work together—
 Change and turn and front together—
 Watch and wait and work together.

Watch the centre—files together—
 Keep together, work together—
 Change and turn and front together;
 Files must keep and work together.

Judge your distance—fine your sight—
 In their face the sun is bright;
 Steady aim, make doubly sure,
 Steady till your man's secure.

Watch the centre; files together,
 Keep together, work together—
 Change and turn and front together;
 Files must keep and work together.

Watch the centre—work together—
 Watch and wait and work together—
 Change and turn and front together—
 Watch and wait and work together.

Watch the centre—pass the word,
 “Close upon the lifted sword”—
 “Close,” see now the horsemen come,
 Welcomed by the bullet's hum.
 Back to back, boys, stick together;
 Quick and form, all close together;
 Falling, conquering together!
 British hearts go all together.

THOU GOD OF BATTLE!—PRAYER.

THOU God of battle! shield us with Thy power,
 Strengthen each spirit in this trying hour;
 Great God, we praise Thy name, we trust in Thee
 Alone, to bless our arms with victory.

Almighty God, we call upon Thee now;
 Be with us, Lord—O, make the foeman bow!
 Father of mercies, be our chieftain's guide,
 How to direct the fight or stem its tide.

Though through this lurid cloud red lightnings flash,
 And mountains shake beneath the cannon's crash,
 Our hearts with ardour burn, they're touched by Thee,
 Thou living God; great God of victory.

Maker, Redeemer, Judge—we're Thine in death,
 We're Thine in victory—O, grant its wreath!
 In life or death our heart's last prayer to Thee
 Is for dear England—Lord, may she be free!

QUESTION AND REPLY.

He. "SAY, Mary, canst thou trust me now,
 With wasted form and pallid brow?
 Deep in the thickest fight I strove
 To be more worthy of thy love.
 Say, canst thou trust me now?"

She. "Yes—ever when I bent the knee,
 My earnest prayer has been for thee;
 Thy soul seemed wedded, love, to mine,
 And now my heart, my all, is thine:
 Yes, I can trust thee now."

THE FIFTY-SECOND, OR OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT^{*}
INFANTRY.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

SINCE England first sent forth her sons to war on freedom's side,
 A braver corps there never sail'd across the foaming tide,
 Than the gallant Fifty-second, who in battle never quail'd,
 The "old and bold," the often tried, that never, never fail'd.
 The Indian foeman fled dismay'd before their dauntless might,
 And Frenchmen long will recollect their prowess in the fight;
 Busaco's mountain saw their colours high in victory wave,
 And proved the Fifty-second boys the bravest of the brave.

With the Forty-third and Rifles, in Portugal and Spain,
 They beat the best light troops that France e'er mass'd on battle-
 plain;

The honour'd post in the advance, 'twas theirs to lead the way;
 And in retreat, as the rear-guard, the onward foe to stay.
 La Mancha's plain, Vittoria, and Neville's stream, the Nive,
 All show'd how vain in battle 'tis 'gainst British boys to strive;
 Each heard their shout, and saw our colours high in victory wave,
 And proved the Fifty-second boys the bravest of the brave.

The dangers of the frowning breach and mountain-pass they spurn'd,
 Though aye outnumber'd, still to close their dauntless bosoms burn'd ;
 O'er Badajos, the Pyrenees, at Orthes, Waterloo,
 The colours of the Fifty-second high in victory flew.
 And when, my boys, the day shall come and England bids us go,
 We'll fight as our brave fathers fought and ever beat the foe ;
 We'll make the Fifty-second's colours high in victory wave,
 And prove the dear old corps to be the bravest of the brave.

THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

AIR—"Garry Owen."

CHEER, Forty-fifth, the foe's in sight ;
 Soon we shall mingle in the fight ;
 And they once more shall feel the might
 Of British arm and bay'net.
 Reserve your fire till close upon
 The foremost ranks, and then rush on
 To victory,
 And never fear,
 My boys, but you will gain it.

Remember Salamanca's fight,
 Remember famed Busaco's height ;
 There many a Frenchman sank in night
 Beneath your glittering bay'net.
 Reserve your fire till close upon
 The foremost ranks, and then rush on
 To victory,
 And never fear,
 My boys, but you will gain it.

The skirmishers are closing fast ;
 Another round will be the last ;
 Now forward to the bugle's blast,
 And beat them with the bay'net.
 Reserve your fire till close upon
 The foremost ranks, and then rush on
 To victory,
 And never fear,
 My boys, but you will gain it.

THE DEAR OLD RAG.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

CHEER, comrades, cheer, and never fear,
A good time's coming yet,
And though delay'd, 'twill ne'er be said
Our duty we forget.
Our fathers fought, and honour brought
To Britain's noble flag;
And every sword around this board
Has crown'd the dear old rag.

Aloft it flies—the world defies—
And though 'tis tatter'd, torn,
A shot-hole here, a long rent there,
No foe a shred has shorn.
And still around there shall be found
The loyal and the true,
To bear the flag, the dear old rag,
To fame and glory too.

The joyous thrill—I feel it still—
When first upon the wall
I saw it fly in victory,
Foretelling Delhi's fall.
For many a day through bloody fray,
We onward bore the flag,
Till o'er the hall of the Mogul
We placed the dear old rag.

There as it flies, it testifies—
Comrades, a goodly boast—
That back we won to Britain's crown
A kingdom that was lost.
Then, come, fill up a brimming cup :
May they who guard the flag
Ne'er count the cost of sweet life lost,
To save the dear old rag !

MEMORY'S STORY.

AIR—"Tom of Bedlam."

O, WHEN in the sunshine of youth,
 My heart felt its first shade of sorrow,
 I turn'd from the past and bade Time travel fast,
 For Hope promised joy on the morrow.
 And blithe as a fawn my heart welcomed the dawn,
 In which Hope had promised no sorrow;
 But dark clouds would fly o'er the green hill of joy,
 And, passing, they whisper'd, "To-morrow."

Though wiser in manhood than youth,
 I still trod the hill-top of pleasure,
 And chid in my prime the slow footsteps of Time,
 In filling the cup of life's treasure.
 And blithe as a fawn would my heart hail the dawn,
 Now stronger to battle with sorrow;
 But dark clouds would rest on the hill of joy's crest,
 And sadly they whisper'd, "To-morrow."

Now wisdom has ripen'd with age,
 My heart lives in memory's story;
 The daring deed done, the hard victory won,
 And fields of our gallant corps' glory.
 And blithe as a fawn my old heart hails the dawn,
 Uncclouded by one thought of sorrow;
 The sunshine of youth gilds a manhood of truth,
 And Joy sweetly sings of to-morrow.

THE VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN'S WIFE'S SONG.*

AIR—"To daunton me."

WHEN your own true-love first shall say,
 "Be mine, dear maid, and name the day,"
 Reply not till you first shall know
 If he's a rifleman or no.

* Among the hill tribes in Algeria a custom prevails, that when a young man demands his bride, her father asks, "Can you put a bullet through an egg at the distance a man can throw a stone?" This is the standard of his prowess.

When *my* true-love proposed, I said,
“ A marksman only will I wed;
Through yonder egg your bullet send,
Then, I’m yours till life shall end.”

Quick through the egg the bullet flew,
Then round my waist his arms he threw,
And kiss’d, and kiss’d—’twas such a kiss,
So sweet—the very thought is bliss!

And now I lay me down secure,
With latch alone upon the door:
Beside me’s one whose faithful arm
Keeps me and baby free from harm.

The news went round the other day,
“ The French! the French are in the bay!”
I buckled on my William’s belt;
I shook, but O, how proud I felt!

For well I knew there could not be
A braver rifleman than he;
His arm is strong, his eye is clear,
With heart to dare, to never fear.

I look’d all day; and through the night
I watch’d to see the beacon light;
But still no blaze; and doubt and fear
Were changed to hope for him so dear.

Morn brought him back; I kiss’d him then,
As wives should kiss their own true men;
I wiped his brow—I loosed his belt—
I spoke not—but how proud I felt!

SOLDIERS ARE MERRY BOYS.

AIR—"Come, let us dance and sing."

SOLDIERS are merry boys,
Such merry, merry, merry, boys,
That pleasure never cloy,
In cottage, camp, or hall.
Love appears
'Mid hopes and fears
Where'er they meet the smiling dears,
Gay or grave,
Still the brave
Are welcome to them all.
Soldiers are merry boys,
Such merry, merry, merry boys,
That pleasure never cloy,
In cottage, camp, or hall.

When the uniforms appear,
Widows doff their grief and care,
Put on their blithest air
And dart their winning glance,
And among
The merry throng
Join the jocund laugh and song,
And with glee,
Merrily,
They thread the mazy dance.
Soldiers, &c.

Nor is the lovely maid
Of the uniform afraid;
Her cheek then wears a shade
More blooming than the rose;
Chaste and coy,
With what joy,
Her heart meets her soldier boy,
While her eyes,
Where true love lies,
Her dearest thoughts disclose.
Soldiers, &c.

NE'ER WAIT TO BE COMMANDED.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

NE'ER wait to be commanded,
 When you see a comrade "push'd;"
 Some day you'll be short-handed,
 And want your buttons brush'd.
 Aye remember, 'tis in trifles
 That the kindly heart is shown;
 And when you lighten others' cares,
 You lighten half your own.

By Jove! there goes the "warning,"
 And your boots are on the shelf;
 Quick, quick—you're months in turning!
 I'll take this—take that yourself.
 Now you feel that 'tis in trifles
 That the kindly heart is shown;
 And when you lighten others' cares,
 You lighten half your own.

Turn round, and let's parade you;
 Belts and buckles, arms—all right;
 Now no man can upbraid you,
 And your heart, my boy, is light.
 So remember, 'tis in trifles
 That the kindly heart is shown;
 And when you lighten others' cares,
 You lighten half your own.

WE NOW HAVE A HOSPITAL CORPS.

AIR—"Tom of Bedlam."

WE now have a hospital corps,
 But not to make sickness more cheery;
 A stranger must now wipe the cold dewy brow,
 And raise up the head that is weary.
 O who, when we roam from our own dear old home
 Where pillows are smooth'd by our mother,
 Can comfort and cheer with a smile, word, or tear?
 'Tis the comrade we know as a brother.

O say, can our feelings be drill'd?
 Can discipline waken emotion?
 Can kindness be made, as we make the sword-blade?
 Or orders secure true devotion?
 O who, when we roam, &c.

O, when the heart's drooping, it clings
 To those whom it knows, and those only;
 While the rude stranger-hand in a far-away land
 But makes the lone soldier more lonely.
 O who, when we roam, &c.

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

AIR—"Garry Owen."

THE saucy Royals, in Charley's reign,
 Twice beat the Moors in one campaign,
 Twice trail'd the Crescent* on the plain,
 Won fairly by their sabres.
 The saucy Royals are dashing blades,
 They drink their glass, and win the maids,
 And beat the foe
 Where'er they go—
 There's victory in their sabres.

At Dettingen the brave old corps
 Charged through the *Mousqueteras noirs*,
 And to the king their standard bore—
 Won fairly by their sabres.
 The saucy Royals, &c.

And proudly too at Waterloo
 They trail'd the bird of triple hue;
 But eagle-taking's nothing new
 To Royals with their sabres.
 The saucy Royals, &c.

And often have the hills of Spain
 Cried echo to their joyous strain,
 And Lusians seen once and again
 The Royals' conquering sabres.
 The saucy Royals, &c.

* Captured in sorties at Tangiers, 1661-63; also served in Spain with Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, in his romantic expedition on the eastern coast in 1706; also five years with Wellington.

THE 88TH, OR CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

AIR—"Nora Creina."

SAY not the bay'net's always bright,
 That 'tis a thing with ne'er a speck on;
 No doubt that on Busaco's height
 The boasting Frenchmen did so reckon.
 But the Connaught Rangers made
 A charge so fierce that undeceived them;
 Right and left their conq'ring blade
 Of hope and life at once bereaved them.
 Frenchmen never yet could stand
 Against the dashing Connaught Rangers;
 For the boys
 Feel no such joys,
 As when amidst the battle's dangers.

And Fuentes Onoro saw
 The prowess of the sons of Erin,
 Tumbling Frenchmen o'er like straw
 When the streets and vineyards clearin'.
 And on Salamanca's field
 The Irish boys were crown'd with glory;
 The foe was made Toulouse to yield,
 And oft Vittoria's told in story.
 Frenchmen never yet could stand
 Against the dashing Connaught Rangers;
 For the boys
 Feel no such joys,
 As when amidst the battle's dangers.

Rodrigo they storm'd, and won;
 At Badajos they were victorious;
 True 'twas said by Wellington,
 A deed there never was more glorious.
 They won the Alma by their fire,
 And Inkerman by butt and bay'net;
 Felling Russians to the mire,
 Shouting, "Bear up, boys, and gain it!"
 Back to back, in threes and fours,
 Right stoutly fought the Connaught Rangers;
 For the boys
 Feel no such joys,
 As when amidst the battle's dangers.

REPLY TO THE FRENCHMEN'S HYMN.

AIR—"To daunt me."

THE Frenchmen say they'll make us rue
 For beating them at Waterloo;
 And boast in satire and in song
 That past defeats have made them strong.
 Would they Trafalgar try once more,
 And see again their tricolor
 By Britons trail'd along the sea,
 As saw La Hogue their fleur-de-lis?

The Frenchmen say our fame shall fade
 Beneath the glitter of their blade;
 That with the boarding-pike and lance
 They'll win and keep the sea for France.
 A welcome true—no odds we reck,
 If *they'll* but dare the bloody deck;
 'Tis all that Britons ask and crave,
 To meet the Frenchmen on the wave.

They tell us that they'll soon set sail—
 Our grand-dames heard the same old tale,
 And oft their fathers heard the same—
 And yet the Frenchmen never came.
 Nor dare they come, the braggart crew,
 While Britons to themselves are true;
 'Tis all we ask, 'tis all we crave,
 To meet the French on land or wave.

THE BOLD LANCER.

AIR—"Lesley's March to Scotland."

MARCH, march, on to the battle, boys;
 Fair is the field, and the foe is before us;
 March, march, on to the battle, boys;
 Soon shall our flags wave in victory o'er us.
 Loud be your battle-cry,
 Forward to victory:
 Ply the rough heel till your gallant steeds answer;
 Send the point sure and home;
 Death is the foeman's doom,
 When he dares bide the shock of the bold Lancer.

March! trot! gallop! now steady, boys;
Hold them in hand, knees tight to the leather;
Charge! charge! keep the lance ready, boys;
Leaning well to it, and dash in together.
Loud be your battle-cry,
Forward to victory:
Well to the rowels your gallant steeds answer;
Send the point sure and home;
Death is the foeman's doom,
When he dares bide the shock of the bold Lancer.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

AIR—"Love not."

Weep not, weep not, comrades! weep not for me;
Life's but a breath, and then eternity.
So close our race, so evenly we run,
'Tis but "good-night," to meet at rising sun.
Weep not, weep not.

Weep not, weep not; your tears but give me pain;
Hath one not said, "For me to die is gain,"
Then why regret, why wish for death's delay,
When angel spirits beckon me away?
Weep not, weep not.

Weep not, weep not; for though the body die,
The spirit ever lives beyond the sky;
Death's but the portal to that blest abode,
Where we as angels shall adore our God.
Weep not, weep not.

MY HEART'S IN THE COLD GRAVE.

AIR—"My heart's in the Highlands."

My heart's in the cold grave, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the cold grave along with my dear;
Roam, roam where I will, still my lone spirit flies
To the spot where my loved and lamented one lies.

When beauty is round me, it tells me of her—
 So fair and so lovely, I ne'er saw her peer;
 With heart all affection, and look all of love:
 My heart's in the cold grave wherever I rove.

Midst life's busy scenes when the campaign's begun,
 When rifles are ringing and loud booms the gun;
 When the struggle has closed, and the foemen give way,
 Even then to her cold grave my spirit will stray.

My heart's in the cold grave, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the cold grave along with my dear;
 Roam, roam where I will, still my lone spirit flies
 To the spot where my loved and lamented one lies.

THE VETERAN: EVENING OF LIFE.

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters." *Irish Melodies.*

OLD Time with his finger
 Now points to the west;
 Nor wish I to linger,
 But sink to my rest.
 A link more is broken,
 My last friend's away;
 A sad but sure token
 Here we cannot stay.

But why muse in sadness
 For pleasures gone by?
 My soul bright with gladness,
 Her wing soon will try.
 Death comes—'tis no haven;
 But in the pure west,
 In that beautiful heaven,
 My spirit will rest.

There woes are requited
 And troubles shall cease;
 There comrades, united,
 Shall live on in peace;
 There crowns shall be given
 As bright as the west;
 In that beautiful heaven
 Our spirits shall rest.

THE PRODIGAL.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

THOUGH ruin'd by revel and riot and wine—
 An abject who feeds on the husks with the swine—
 His father forgave the wild prodigal boy,
 And the song and the dance were the round of their joy:
 The round of their joy, the round of their joy,
 And the song and the dance were the round of their joy.

"Be just judging error" this motto we learn
 In the father's embrace and the spendthrift's return;
 Be just judging error—'twill heighten your joy
 To judge as the father his prodigal boy:
 His prodigal boy, his prodigal boy,
 To judge as the father his prodigal boy.

Would Learning, now jealous, but dare to be just
 To that gallant heart who ne'er fail'd in his trust,
 Who flings in the fray blood and life as a toy,
 And in blood and life is a prodigal boy:
 A prodigal boy, a prodigal boy,
 And in blood and life is a prodigal boy.

The rich man may revel and riot and kiss,
 And sages say nothing, but share in the bliss;
 Whilst the soldier, if women or wine should decoy,
 They hold up to scorn* as a prodigal boy:
 A prodigal boy, a prodigal boy,
 They hold up to scorn as a prodigal boy,

If the soldier but differs from others in this,
 That serving his country's the height of his bliss;
 If battle's a pleasure which fear cannot cloy,
 Then welcome the name of the "prodigal boy:"
 The prodigal boy, the prodigal boy,
 Then welcome the name of the prodigal boy.

England boasts, in her pride, that she holds with the sword
 The land where the mighty Mogul was once lord;
 And the sword in her hand, O, I tell it with joy,
 Is the sword of her soldierly prodigal boy:
 Prodigal boy, O, her prodigal boy,
 Of life he is truly a prodigal boy.

See Preface.

INKERMAN.

RECITATIVE.

GREEKS tell of Marathon,
 Romans of battles won;
 We of our Inkerman challenge compare;
 Greeks chose their battle-ground,
 Romans were staked around,*
 Britons were sleeping found—no skill was there.
 Inkerman! Inkerman!
 World's wonder, Inkerman!
 Did Greek or Roman such odds e'er repel?
 When our boys' heads are gray,
 When ages pass away,
 How Britons fought that day nations shall tell.

Silent the trump and drum,
 Stealthily on they come,
 There's not a whisper's hum heard through the night;
 Over Tchernaya's bridge,
 Up to the mountain-ridge,
 Guns from the rocky ledge "train" on our right.
 Piquets, who should have kept
 Watch while the British slept,
 Close to their shelter crept, resting secure;
 Crashing came shot and shell,
 Tents on the sleepers fell,
 Had they awoke in hell? such was the roar.

Rifles in ready hands,
 Forming in scatter'd bands,
 Boldly each Briton stands fronting his foes;
 Volley on volley rings;
 Death rides on bullets' wings,
 "Coming!" he hissing sings, on as he goes.
 Dash in with bay'net, then,
 As only Britons can;
 Back roll the Russians down the steep hill,
 Fell'd by the rifle-butt,
 Struck down by stab and cut;
 Blood overflows each rut, filling the rill.

* The Roman soldiers usually fortified their camp with stakes, each man being obliged to procure one.

True, 'twas the soldier's fight,
 Won by his pluck and might—
 Five to one on that height number'd the foe;
 Matchless his steady aim,
 Hand to hand all the same,
 When in war's bloody game death is the throw.
 Inkerman! Inkerman!
 Battle of giant men!
 Holy thy heathy hill, holy thy flood;
 Alma and Inkerman!
 Russians remember when
 Britons their rifles baptized in their blood.

WHEN PRIAM'S FAIR BOY.

AIR—"Abraham Newland."

WHEN Priam's fair boy
 Bore off Helen to Troy,
 The Greeks put on breastplate and castor,
 Marching on to the field,
 Each behind his big shield,
 For sorely they fear'd a disaster.
 "O, fear is a rigid taskmaster,"
 Who makes every ill appear vaster,
 Saying, "Better to fight
 For ten years day and night,
 Than unarmour'd to finish it faster."

Like Trojan and Greek,
 The proud Roman would seek
 For safety the shield and the castor:
 And our own belted knight
 Never rode to the fight,
 But armour'd, for fear of disaster;
 And the squire, to be as his master,
 To save a whole skin and his plaster,
 Clothed himself, head and heel,
 In brass, iron, or steel,
 And hid his face under a castor.

But the brave musketeer
 Order'd Fear to the rear,
 And with him the buckler and castor;
 Marching into the fight
 In the pride of his might,
 Defying defeat and disaster;
 Reaping victories vaster and faster,
 Beating hollow both Pollux and Castor.
 And the rifleman, peer
 To the bold musketeer,
 Can fight without breastplate or castor.

Shame on Science and Art,
 For their cowardly part,
 To bring back the buckler and castor;
 Pluck and manhood they trip
 With the iron-clad ship,
 And shields going vaster and vaster.
 But Britons in wooden three-master
 Won battles far harder and faster:
 For death or for life,
 Or the fun of the strife;
 And all without buckler or castor.

DON'T CARE.

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

OLD comrade, how often,
 Would men but forbear,
 Those passions 'twould soften
 Aroused by "Don't care"!
 "Don't care" by to-morrow
 May kindle a flame,
 Quench'd only in sorrow,
 In sighing and shame.

By words in haste spoken
 When tempers are toss'd,
 Young hearts may be broken,
 Old friends may be lost;
 Forbear, and Love's river,
 From source to the sea,
 May ripple, but never
 Break over the lea.

Forbear, and to-morrow
Will vanish away
The dark cloud of sorrow
Which gathers to-day;
But answer, my brother,
Why gather'd it there?
Because one or other
Said, "No, I don't care."

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

AIR—"The light of other days."

WHILE others deeply are lamenting
The light of other days,
The soldier knows not such repenting,
But boasts in present rays.
Around him Beauty's brightly shining,
And all her charms displays;
Then where's the heart can know repining
For light of other days?

True friendship's glow, life's choicest treasure,
Supremely is possessed,
And glory's hope fills up the measure
Of joy within each breast;
While others are the past reviewing,
And hope once strong decays,
The soldier's heart needs no renewing
The light of other days.

THE MAID OF BANDON.

AIR—"The Lass of Gowrie."

IN Erin's Isle there lived a lass
Whose beauty none could e'er surpass,
Nor English girl, nor Scottish lass
Could vie with her of Bandon.

THE BIVOUAC.

Her cheeks were of the rosy hue,
 Her eye beam'd bright as pearly dew;
 A fairer flower there never grew
 Upon the banks of Bandon.

The lark when soaring on the wing,
 The tuneful linnet in the spring,
 Nor nightingale could ever sing
 Like the fair maid of Bandon.

It chanced that on a summer day,
 Well mounted on his steed so gay,
 A young dragoon came there to stay,
 And woo'd the maid of Bandon.

Though suitors had she rich and great,
 None with the soldier could compete,
 For he would never sound "retreat,"
 So won the maid of Bandon.

Those lovers who in hope look'd gay,
 Now hang their heads, and folks all say
 The young dragoon has ta'en away
 The fairest flower in Bandon.

GOD OF THE BATTLE-FIELD: PRAYER.

AIR—National Anthem.

GOD of the battle-field,
 Glory to Thee we yield,
 Great is Thy pow'r.
 Hear now a soldier's pray'r,
 Lay Thine own right arm bare,
 Give us to do and dare
 In this dark hour.

Brace, Lord, each feeble frame,
 Save from defeat and shame
 Children of dust;
 Buckler and breastplate Thou,
 Helm on each lifted brow,
 Deign to look on us now,
 God of the just.

Be Thou our sword, we pray,
Sharp and two-edged to slay,
 Flaming in might;
Nor lay thy red sword by
Till foes, defeated, fly;
Giver of victory,
 Strike for the right!

THEY WANT A BETTER CLASS, THEY SAY.

AIR—"The girl I left behind me."

THEY want a better class, they say,
But not, old boy, for fighting;
A soldier's measured now-a-day
By reading and by writing.
A lad may read on any plan,
Be cramm'd at school and college,
And yet may never be a man,
 Though fill'd with all book knowledge.

The fact is this, old comrade true,
The learned men are jealous,
Because the highest praise is due
To forward fearless fellows.
When Learning comes men stand aside,
Nor dare to rub his shoulder;
But heart and arms they open wide,
A welcome to the soldier.

The soldier's book's the book of life,
Neglected oft by sages;
Its leaves are perils, toils, and strife,
His comrades are its pages;
He reads and gathers up the sum,
Endearing and enchainning;
There's true worth in the barrack-room,
And glory in campaigning.

THE DEVIL IN DIFFICULTIES.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

IN council presiding, the Devil declared—
 And in his opinion his ministers shared—
 The soldiers of Britain would christianize all
 From the mountains of Spain to the Chinaman's wall.
 So who can devise what is best to be done
 To keep us our kingdom that's under the sun?

They're plucky as devils, would storm our own nest;
 And, failing so oft to plant fear in each breast,
 I tried the Twelve-years' Act, which works very well,
 Yet still they outnumber the forces of hell.
 So who can devise what is best to be done
 To keep us our kingdom that's under the sun?

The Aldershot Camp was my scheme, and 'twas done
 To make life as dreary and bleak as our own;
 And this, with "position" and purposeless drill,
 Jades ev'ry rough heart, yet they battle on still.
 So who can devise what is best to be done
 To keep us our kingdom that's under the sun?

I made it perfection to worry and swear,
 Seam the thumbs, keep the touch and the line to a hair;
 Not to blink, not to think, but to crush down the mind,
 And yet these dare-devils are never behind.
 So who can devise what is best to be done
 To keep us our kingdom that's under the sun?

'Twas I who first prompted the slow measured tread
 Put lead in each heel and each Dundases' head;
 Thus, best of all targets, they march to the fray,
 And though half are kill'd, t'others never give way.
 So who can devise what is best to be done
 To keep us our kingdom that's under the sun?

Can no one persuade that "light order" and "double"
 Are freaks of the fancy, a mere Prussian bubble?
 Should they but once try it, they'll run us so fine,
 The world will be Christian from pole to the line.
 Then, charging us home, we'll come down with a run,
 And never get back to the light of the sun.

"Heed not, dreaded chieftain," fierce Moloch replied;
 "The weight that they carry will shorten their stride,
 And Short Service boys so outnumber the men,
 That one stalwart devil shall chase away ten.
 And I will take care that the work is so done,
 That all men shall worship thee under the sun."

The Devil, desponding, said, "Moloch, your scheme,
 Like many of mine, will turn out but a dream;
 The pack's to be changed for Sir Trowbridge's bag,
 So balanced the weakest won't falter or flag.
 Then planting the Cross on hell's gate with a shout,
 'Kneel, devils!' we must kneel, or shall never get out."

WEALTH v. VALOUR.

WEALTH wars with valour when the strife is o'er,
 Scoffs at the heart's devotion, counts and weighs
 And values it, as if its fiery store
 Were some crude metal which it could appraise.

Valour! most noble and the most divine
 Of all that holds possession of the soul,
 Before thy sheen must sordid wealth decline,
 And turn abash'd from history's golden scroll.

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

THE sword and the helm of the hero may rust,
 His last resting-place be unknown,
 The statue and column may crumble to dust,
 Or by some rude hand be o'erthrown:
 All may be forgotten, yet Wellington's name
 Shall live in the breast of the brave;
 And Tagus and Douro shall tell of his fame
 Whilst the sea drinks their silvery wave.

And Napier and Siborne have twined round his name
A laurel that never shall fade;
And the berries, half hid, are their records of fame,
And shall grow with the wreath they have made.
So here's to the hero, and here's to the sage!
We'll pledge them in sparkling champagne;
May neither be wanting when we shall engage
To direct or record the campaign!

YOU NEED NOT PASS SO LIGHTLY BY.

AIR—"Miss Forbes' Farewell."

You need not pass so lightly by
Because the soldier's coat is red;
Not long ago how tremblingly
You watch'd his footsteps forward tread,
The paper clutch'd—"Say, what's the news?"
Ere you could tear the seal away;
"O, give the soldier all his dues:
Another victory—Hurrah!"

You need not pass the soldier by
Because his coat is red or blue;
The flashings from his daring eye
Are beams of good to yours and you.
Your home's secure, and maid and wife
Have peace by night and joy by day;
For these the soldier stakes his life,
And joins the battle's wild hurrah.

Ye need not pass so lightly by
Because the soldier's coat is red,
But ever let the kindly eye
Bespeak the welcome ere 'tis said;
Then, though his onward foot may fail
To break the foemen's proud array,
And numbers o'er the few prevail,
He'll fighting fall, and shout "Hurrah!"

THE CANTEEN.

AIR—"The brown Irish girl."

Now the drums have ceased to beat,
Telling of the sun's retreat,
To the canteen come with me—
Share our evening jollity.

Horseman, gunner, linesman, here
Drink together, join the cheer;
Chaplains all would envious be,
Witnessing such jollity.

Gods their wine distill'd from dew,
And in drinking envious grew,
Stoned each other; not so we—
Friendship rules our jollity.

Here's a fellow all decorum;
Here's a score with quarts before 'em,
Proud as any king might be,
Happier in their jollity.

All come to be pleased and please,
Sing in chorus, sing in glees,
And determined care shall flee
Far from them in jollity.

Drink "The Queen!" deep be the draught,
We know no Whig nor Tory craft;
Country, corps, and Queen shall be
Up, boys, in our jollity.

SAY, COMRADE, WHY THAT SILENT TEAR?

AIR—"The Song of Sorrow."

SAY, comrade, why that silent tear,
And why that struggling sigh;
Think not the hand of death I fear—
A soldier thus should die.

Tis not in vain that I have bled—
 See, our old colours proudly fly!
 And who would wish a dying bed
 Unblest by victory?

Before the sun shall reach the west
 Life's battle will be o'er;
 My route is signed, and I shall rest
 On yonder happy shore.
 My spirit stays its joyous flight
 But while I make this last request:
 Bear to my boy this sword, how bright!
 A soldier's dear bequest.

Say that his sire for freedom join'd
 In many a bloody strife;
 That freedom's cause he ne'er resign'd
 But when he yielded life.
 If he reveres his father's shade,
 His father's sword he must gird on,
 Nor dare to sheathe the glitt'ring blade
 Till freedom's cause is won.

“SENTRY, GO.”

AIR—“Rain, rain, and sun.” *Tennyson.*

RAIN, wind, and rain! but now 'twas sleet and snow!
 The scenes of life are shifting ever so,
 Until the curtain falls at “Sentry, go.”

Rain, wind, and rain! as fast our thoughts will flow,
 When moon and stars glad all the world below,
 But now they pivot them on “Sentry, go.”

Rain, wind, and rain! and roofs still white with snow!
 For two dark hours no marching to and fro,
 But cramp'd in this close box till “Sentry, go.”

Time, fleeting time! why wilt thou mock us so,
 By halting thus, or marching past so slow,
 When on thy wing we'd hasten?—“Sentry, go.”

THE SOLDIER'S PHILOSOPHY.

AIR—"Hey, boys, up go we!" *Jacobite Song.*

I MARVEL, Dick, why learned men
 Can't let the army be;
 We envy not the money'd Ten
 When they are on the spree.
 In grand hotel they drink Moselle—
 For this who cares a rap?
 We like to hear their chorus swell
 Whilst we sing in the tap.

We envy not their downy bed
 When in the trench we lie,
 Or tumble weary in a shed
 Without a stitch that's dry,
 Without a drink save from the spring,
 Or hap from wintry wind;
 But take the world as luck shall bring,
 And men as we may find.

And now their halls are lighted up,
 Look on *this* scene and *this*;
 The sage is ravish'd by the cup,
 The saint by woman's kiss.
 So Nature, Dick, will have her way,
 Whatever man's degree;
 She makes him drink and kiss and play
 Just all as one as we.

THE BRAVE CAN NEVER HATE THE BRAVE.

AIR—"A famous man was Robin Hood."

LET kingdoms war—the truly brave
 Towards the brave no hatred know;
 In witness, there's Rueda's* cave,
 Zapardiel and the Douro's flow.
 When bivouack'd on opposing bank,
 Whole squads would cross to other side,
 Hold kindly converse with the rank
 That soon the battle's shock must bide.

* One of the largest wine stores in the Peninsula; it is hewn out of the rock.

Others beneath Rueda's rock,
 Which holds the vintage choicest store,
 In friendship heart and hand would lock,
 That ever met in strife before;
 There talk'd the coming conflict o'er,
 And as the brimming bowl went round,
 Drank "Speed to time!" when they once more
 Should meet upon the battle-ground!

The soldier knows not how to hate;
 He meets his foe in open fight,
 And bleeds or falls if 'tis his fate;
 Nor asks the cause, or wrong or right.
 While Douro's stream shall westward flow,
 Or wine is in Rueda's cave,
 The Muse of History* will show
The brave can never hate the brave.

THE 87TH, OR ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

AIR—"Garry Owen."

THE Royal Irish Fusiliers,
 The dashing Irish Fusiliers,
 The Fag-an-Bealach boys, whose cheers
 Strike terror to the foemen!
 Their daring eyes, though always bright,
 Ne'er sparkle with so much delight
 As when upon
 The bastion
 Or plain they see the foemen.

Upon Barossa's rugged height
 They put the doughty French to flight,
 And show'd with what resistless might
 The Irish wield the bay'net.
 Triumphant they bore away
 The Eagle from that bloody fray;
 Though three to one
 The French came on,
 'Twas won, and by the bay'net.

* Napier.

Vittoria saw the Frenchmen fly
 Before old Erin's battle-cry;
 At Orthes and Toulouse on high
 Our colours, boys, were waving.
 And sooner than the shock abide,
 The foe leapt into Neville's tide;
 Whilst the Fusiliers,
 With joyous cheers,
 Were battle-dangers braving.

THE TRENCHES.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

FALL in lads, with fascine and pickaxe and spade;
 Not a whisper, keep close, and step light o'er the glade;
 In the trench not the smoke of a pipe must be seen
 Till the parapet rises affording a screen.
 Then delve deep, my lads,
 Every spit that you throw
 Advances a foot
 In our march to the foe—
 Advances a foot in our march to the foe.

Lay the fascines in line with six inches o'erlap,
 That each may work free in his share of the sap;
 Sod the face to the banquette, the grassy side down,
 Shape it off with the spade, that the work be well done.
 Delve, delve deep, my lads,
 Every spit that you throw
 Advances a foot
 In our march to the foe—
 Advances a foot in our march to the foe.

The darkness befriends us, the garrison sleeps,
 And out of the cold blast the sentinel creeps;
 No fear of a sally; ply pick and ply spade,
 And soon we shall have the first parallel made.
 Work, work with a will;
 Every spit that you throw
 Advances a foot
 In our march to the foe—
 Advances a foot in our march to the foe.

Cheer, cheer up, my lads, our work's nearly done,
One parallel made, and the second begun;
When the time comes for storming, we'll lay the spade by
With the sword we will conquer, or sword in hand die.

So work with a will;
Every spit that you throw
Advances a foot
In our march to the foe—
Advances a foot in our march to the foe.

HURRAH, HURRAH, MY GALLANT STEED!

AIR—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."

"HURRAH, hurrah, my gallant steed!
Once more I'm on thy back,
To charge the foe at topmost speed,
Or follow in his track;
Or follow in his track, my steed,
Like bloodhound in the chase,
Till his best blood, a crimson flood,
My gleaming steel shall grace."

"And welcome thou, my master dear,
The greatest joy I know
Is when the trumpet's sound I hear,
When shouts the freeman's foe;
When shouts the freeman's foe, and when
We follow in his track,
When he shall yield, and from the field
I proudly bear thee back."

"Hurrah, my steed! away, away!
The gladd'ning trumpets ring,
Back on the foe, with snort and neigh,
His bold defiance fling;
His bold defiance fling, and dash
Like lightning o'er the lea;
Now, now they reel beneath the steel
That heralds victory!"

I'VE WOND'RING SEEN.

AIR—"The siller crown."

I'VE wond'ring seen beneath the sun
 A nation great and strong
 Although the multitude would shun
 To meet the battle throng.

And I have seen a province great
 As England three times told,
 In fierce rebellion, strong in hate,
 Which gather'd as it roll'd.

I saw its fencèd cities fall—
 Another sceptre sway—
 And England, prostrate, humbly call,
 "O God, for help we pray."

A few brave men—God made them brave
 In answer to her prayer—
 Back all those fencèd cities gave,
 And stores and treasures there.

THOUGH YOU ARE POOR, DON'T SHOW IT.

AIR—"Cauld kale in Aberdeen."

MARCH, comrade, with your head erect,
 A man for men to look at;
 And let them in your tread detect
 A guinea in your pocket.
 A guinea in your pocket, lad,
 A guinea in your pocket;
 Look up, and let your eye reflect
 A guinea in your pocket.

And though there be no guinea there,
 What matter? who's to know it?
 March proudly, keep your shoulders square;
 And though you're poor, don't show it.
 And though you're poor, don't show it, lad,
 And though you're poor don't show it;
 Step out, and keep your shoulders square,
 And though you're poor, don't show it.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS MISSION.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

EVERY man has his mission, the parsons all say,
 That some men must govern and others obey;
 Yet the ruled would be rulers, at least they would try,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die:
 Ready to die, boys, ready to die,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die.

The mill-owning spinners and weavers will tell,
 Could they but once rule, none could do it so well;
 The state as a mill they would govern, or try,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die:
 Ready to die, boys, ready to die,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die.

The Manchester mission's to weave and to spin;
 Their standard of worth is "how much can he win?"
 Their creed is "get gain," "gather money" their cry,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die:
 Ready to die, boys, ready to die,
 And swear for their crotchet they're ready to die.

Long, long may our gentlemen rule o'er the land,
 And every true Englishman strengthen their hand;
 Their mission's to govern; and all may rely
 That honour will guide them till ready to die:
 Ready to die, boys, ready to die,
 That honour will guide them till ready to die.

We, too, have a mission, the noblest on earth,
 The freedom to guard of the land of our birth;
 To conquer for England, old comrade, or try,
 And if we can't conquer, be ready to die:
 Ready to die, boys, ready to die,
 Our mission's fulfilled when we conquer or die.

PICTON AND THE TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT AT WATERLOO.

AIR—"Cease, loud Boreas." (*With spirit.*)

"TWENTY-EIGHTH, remember Egypt!*"

Let no heart be downward cast,

Front ranks, 'ready'—you who're kneeling,

Steady, till the bugle's blast;

You who're standing in the centre,

Strike home, and no foeman spare,

If an opening he dares enter

When the round-shot rakes the square."

The guns have ceased, yet stern, unshaken,

Rocks that stem the battle-wave!

Each void place is quickly taken,

Though they tread a comrade's grave.

Clouds of dust in front are rising,

Shouts burst fiercely from their womb,

Gleaming swords the eye surprising,

Show the charging horsemen come.

Trumpets ring; the pace increases;

Horses stretch along the plain;

Distance at each bound decreases,

Urged by spur, and voice, and rein.

Flanking squadrons inwards wheeling,

Charge the "faces" left† and right;

Rings the volley—shatter'd, reeling,

Now the Frenchmen turn in flight.

Well done! you have rivall'd Egypt,

Heroes of the Pyrenees!

See your steel-clad foemen flying,

Leaves before the autumn breeze:

Scatter'd as at Albuera,

Thick as by Nivelle they lie—

Heroes of the Nive, Barossa,

Shout your shout of victory!

* When surrounded by cavalry, the rear rank faced about and beat the enemy off, although they repeatedly returned to the charge.

† They were charged on the front and side faces of the square at the same time, and gallantly repelled their assailants.

COMRADES, THE WORLD LOOK ROUND.

AIR—"Come, let us dance and sing."

COMRADES! the world look round,
 From peasant to the monarch crown'd,
 And say, can one be found
 Exempt from pining care?
 The merchant's life
 With care is rife;
 The wily statesman dwells in strife,
 Place though brief,
 Care and grief
 Will haunt him while he's there.
 But soldiers' hearts are free
 From dull care, they live merrily;
 Sure they must happy be
 Who're welcome to the fair.

Man never yet began
 Life's morning march, that little span,
 But ere its course he'd ran
 'Twas dimm'd with clouds of care;
 Hopes delay'd,
 Schemes betray'd,
 Time and talents ill-repaid,
 Jilted too,
 'Tis nothing new,
 By the bewitching fair.
 But soldiers' hearts are free
 From dull care, they live merrily;
 Sure they must happy be
 Who're welcome to the fair.

Look round this circle bright,
 Where hearts in friendship hearts unite,
 Say, can dull care alight
 'Mid such a happy band?
 No, no, the hour,
 If care has power,
 Is when the front of battles lower,
 'Tis this that they
 May still leave free
 Their loved, their native land.

Save this, the soldier knows
No care, but how to meet his foes;
Round him true friendship glows
And beauty's witching wand.

A HORSEMAN BRAVE, A GUNNER TRUE.

AIR—"O! Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

A HORSEMAN brave, a gunner true,
A guardsman, and a grenadier,
In Dublin met, all merry boys,
Before them whisky, pipes, and beer.
We'll merry be, we'll merry be,
There's still another jug in store;
Though the drums may beat, we'll not retreat
Till we have pledged each other's corps.

So here's to every gunner true,
Who guides the mighty "king of war,"
And sends the shells and round shot through
The foeman's column, line, and square.
We'll merry be, &c.

Here's to the guards and gallant line,
Our hope and mainstay in the fight,
Who wade the fosse, and storm the breach,
Or escalate the walls at night.
We'll merry be, &c.

To every horseman brim the bowl,
Whose pride is in his flashing blade,
And fearless rides the "ride of death,"
As did the gallant Light Brigade.
We'll merry be, &c.

ARTILLERYMAN'S SONG: THE KING OF WEAPONS.

OF weapons' queen let others sing,
 We gunners sing the praises
 Of him who reigns a mighty king
 Where'er the battle blazes;
 Of the great gun, whose dreaded noise
 Can check the foe's advancing,
 Now o'er them flaming shells can poise,
 Now send the round shot dancing.
 Hurrah for the artillery,
 Great guns and the artillery!
 Loudly we'll sing of weapons' king,
 Great guns and the artillery.

The horsemen love their sabres' gleam
 Dearly as maiden beauty;
 The infantry stern weapons' queen:
 'Tis well—it is their duty.
 But when the battle rages round,
 And Death stalks in his power,
 His step is nowhere so profound
 As 'mid the grape-shot shower.
 Hurrah for the artillery, &c.

The infantry may hold in check
 The horseman's fiercest battle;
 But soon their squares are made a wreck,
 When guns begin to rattle.
 The bravest squadrons broken lie,
 On hill and valley scatter'd;
 And 'neath the guns' repeated strokes
 The strongest walls are batter'd.
 Hurrah for the artillery, &c.

A SONG ABOUT KING SOLOMON.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

TRADITION tells
 Of snobs and swells,
 Philosophers and prize-men;
 But we will sing
 Of Israel's king,
 The wisest of all wise men;

Who, at the board
 With wine well stored,
 Grew furious when a brother
 Stood up that he
 Might fulsomely
 Be-praise and toast another.
 O, King Solomon! the wisest man was Solomon.
 "Who stops the glass
 Is, sure, an ass,"
 Says the wise and jolly Solomon.

One cannot sip
 Though dry the lip
 And tooth 'gainst tooth be grating,
 But sit and blink
 Upon the drink,
 Till you have done your prating.
 Who blocks the "pass"
 Against the glass
 Deserves a thorough thwacking,
 Whilst rosy wine,
 Drink pure divine,
 We true-hearts are attacking.
 O, King Solomon! the wisest man was Solomon.
 Red rosy wine,
 Drink pure, divine,
 Was the delight of Solomon.

Who toasts his friends
 Just for the ends
 Thus publicly to flatter,
 But turns the lens
 Upon his friends,
 That fools may look and clatter;
 If dull's your wit,
 Don't think that it
 Will brighten when you rise, man;
 But learn this rule,
 "The silent fool
 Is often thought a wise man."
 O, King Solomon! the wisest man was Solomon.
 "The dullard shares
 With flatterers
 The world's contempt," says Solomon.

The one great toast
 Wherein to boast,
 And give a zest to drinking,
 Is when we tell
 Of those who fell,
 Or battled on unshrinking.
 No wasted time:
 Thoughts bold, sublime,
 Come swelling, glowing, rushing,
 Lifting the soul
 Beyond control,
 In patriotism gushing.
 O, King Solomon! the wisest man was Solomon.
 "Posterity,
 In memory,
 Cherish the brave," says Solomon.

HYMN.

LORD, we know that Thou art near
 When the sinner breathes his prayer;
 When the trembling spirits sigh,
 "Dear Redeemer, Thou art nigh."

Thou hast felt our childhood's tears,
 Thou art with the ripe in years;
 But when soldiers lift the eye,
 Answerest Thou? "Your Saviour's nigh."

Lord, we're not as others are,
 But red-handed from the war;
 O! forgive us, nor deny
 To answer, Lord, "Your Saviour's nigh."

Not as others are we, Lord,
 Kneeling as we hold the sword;
 Thee we plead in tear and sigh—
 Answer, Lord, "Your Saviour's nigh."

Often Thou hast turned the spear;
 Lord, to-morrow be Thou near.
 Shouldst Thou will that we must die,
 Death is life, if Thou art nigh.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A SOLDIER.

AIR—"A-swearing we will go."

WHO would not be a soldier,
 With a coat of red or blue,
 When all the world is false,
 And he alone is true?
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

Of petticoats and forms
 The churchmen rant and rave,
 As of more importance
 Than straying souls to save.
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

Dishonest as the priest
 Of petticoats and forms,
 The senator who waits
 Till Whip his conscience warms.
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

Dishonest e'en in thought
 The statesman—shame to say—
 By party sold and bought,
 His motto, "Will it pay?"
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

The merchant's motto this,
 And traders' high and low—
 "If not by honest means,
 Get money anyhow."
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

Back in the olden time
 Men gather'd slow and sure,
 But now they'll wade through slime
 To hasten in their store.
 So a soldier I will be, will be,
 And a soldier I will be.

ARM, ARM FOR THE STRIFE!

AIR—"The Vicar and Moses."

ARM, arm for the strife!
 Drum, trumpet, and fife
 Awaken a prayer in the soul,
 To God for His aid
 To strengthen our blade,
 And give it the battle's control.

Arm, arm for the strife!
 Drum, trumpet, and fife
 Lay Memory's treasure-house bare
 Till the heart, as it reads
 Its own doughty deeds,
 Throbs quicker to do and to dare.

Drum, trumpet, and fife!
 Entrancers of life!
 What Britons have done 'neath your spell
 In battle's dark hour,
 How godlike their power,
 The foe of their land can best tell.

Arm, arm for the strife!
 Drum, trumpet, and fife
 But echo the chorus of fame;
 Then on, comrades, on
 To the battle as one,
 And higher still lift England's name.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE'S THE LIFE FOR ME.

AIR—"A man's a man for a' that."

A SOLDIER's life's the life for me,
 The tented field, and a' that,
 Where comrades round sing merrily,
 And crack their jokes, and a' that;
 And a' that, and a' that,
 'Tis glory's field, and a' that;
 At England's call we bleed or fall,
 And beat our foes, and a' that.

All nations say we bear the bell
For drinking wine, and a' that,
But none of them could ever tell
They saw our backs, and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
We love our glass, and a' that;
But we love more to meet the foe
With gleaming steel, and a' that.

What though the ground's our only bed,
'Mid snow, and rain, and a' that,
And lightnings play around the head,
'Tis glory's field, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
With scanty fare, and a' that;
Old England free we ne'er repine,
Our hearts are light, and a' that.

CARDIGAN TO THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

AIR—"Planxty Kelly."

COMRADES, cheer! from yonder post
'Tis ours to drive the Russian host,
And 'mid ten thousand sabres' flash,
And rifles' ring and cannons' crash,
We'll show how Britons fight.
Mount, chieftains, mount! lead on your men,
And Russia soon shall hear again
Our gallant fellows joyous, shouting,
As they her choicest troops are routing.

Away, away!
'Tis worth a life, as chief, to guide
Such spirits as they onward ride
To try the battle's might.

Firm and fiercely grasp your steel,
And give your horses rein and heel,
Till, madden'd by the iron, they
Dash wild and headlong in the fray,
Though girth-deep red you wade.

Strike, strike, as if each arm alone
 Were the defence of England's throne;
 As if each blade conferred upon her
 The brightest wreath of fame and honour.

Away, away!
 And wondering nations who look on,
 Will point and say of each, "There's one
 Of Britain's Light Brigade."

UP, AT THEM, GUARDS!

AIR—"The Death of Nelson." (*Boldly.*)

RECITATIVE.

THE heart throbs proudly as we tread the plain
 Where British soldiers sever'd Europe's chain,
 Gave back to Liberty her trampled vest,
 And crown'd her ensign with their country's crest.

When first at Waterloo
 The foe appear'd in view,
 Our gallant soldiers cheer'd
 The loud drum beat to arms,
 The heart for battle warms,
 And high our banners rear'd.
 The British soldier knows right well
 There's victory in the trumpet's swell,
 For never yet, when closing,
 Did foemen—Russians, Dons, or French—
 Abide the shock on plain, in trench,
 When Britons are opposing.

The grape and round-shot now
 Through square and column plough,
 And every musket told.
 "Your men keep well in hand,"
 Was still the stern command
 Of Wellington the bold.
 Firm as their native island rock
 Our squares withstood their horsemen's shock,
 Then turn'd them with a volley;
 When Lancers dashing round the flanks
 Play'd havoc with their broken ranks,
 Ere they had time to rally.

Th' Imperial Guard came on,
 Led by Napoleon;
 Of France they were the flower,
 With victory upon each brow
 For they ne'er felt till now
 The British bayonet's pow'r.
 "Up, at them, Guards!" and o'er his head
 Wellington shook his conquering blade.
 Soon front and front were closing.
 The fight was won; for never yet
 Could Frenchmen stand the bayonet,
 When Britons were opposing.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

AIR—"Begone, dull care."

BEGONE, dull Care! the camp was ne'er made for thee,
 Thou ne'er canst dwell with spirits so light and so free;
 Thy home is in old Reason's hall, the city is thy throne,
 But not a trooper round this ring thy sceptre, Care, will own.
 Then let the chorus of our song
 In many a peal go round;
 For with British boys so jolly and true
 Dull care was never found.

With comrades tried past ills forgotten lie,
 And glory's hope paints the morn with a brighter sky;
 The soldier through the vista sees the hostile fronts oppose,
 And the victory hails, 'tis Britons' when once they close.
 Then let the chorus of our song, &c.

SERGEANT BALL, OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT.*

AIR—"Down, down, hey derry down."

IF you are a Briton, come, listen to me;
 If you are a soldier, right proud you will be;
 If you are a mother, your leisure employ
 In teaching my song to your prattling boy.
 Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

* Historically true. See Napier.

Fair maids, smile a welcome, and sing o'er my song
Whenever a company marches along;
To drum and to fife see how proudly they tread,
As proudly they march when the foe is ahead.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

When watching Pamp'luna, brave Ball was sent down
To purchase supplies at the Passages town,
And journeying onwards the cannons' loud boom
Told plainly Sebastian stooped to her doom.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

His two thousand dollars in safety he placed,
Then on to Sebastian gallop'd and raced,
Join'd the men for the storm—none more forward to dare,
Though many a dare-devil soldier was there.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

A shout, and a rush through the ditch to the breach,
But not a man there to the top stone could reach;
So back through the ditch, 'neath a hillock they lay,
Whilst o'er them in salvos our cannon did play.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

Two long hours it took them to batter it down,
When, "Up, up, brave hearts, and the town is our own!"
The shout, and a rush, and the first on the wall,
And the first one knock'd back was the brave Sergeant Ball.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

Unhurt by the blow, he dash'd into the fray,
And fought in the front whilst the Frenchmen would stay;
Then join'd in the cheer as their arms they laid down,
Right proud that he'd added to Britain's renown.
Sing, Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

When, maiden and mother, and stripling and sire,
You gather for mirth, or you circle the fire,
Forget not the soldier, so loyal and true,
Who battles and bleeds for your homes and for you;
Like Ball, brave Sergeant Ball.

EPIGRAM.

The sage who writes from lowly cot
 Will not the less illumine the heart;
 And Beauty, though of humble lot,
 Will not the less of charm impart.
 A man may be of noble birth,
 Though poverty may deck his board;
 Nor is true courage less in worth
 When rank-and-file bears lance or sword.

LOVE.

IN life's young days there came upon my soul
 Sweet whisperings,
 Gentle as when the balmy zephyrs roll
 From angels' wings:
 They came unheeded long, at last I felt
 My spirit moved;
 My own,* my soldier came, beside me knelt
 And said he loved.

My heart I then review'd, and leaf by leaf
 I turn'd it o'er;
 And read, re-read each thought and wish, how brief!
 Within its store.
 And as I doubted, fear'd, sweet whisperings
 My spirit moved;
 Soft as a zephyr fann'd by angels' wings,
 They said I loved.

ELEGY ON THOSE WHO FELL DURING THE
INDIAN MUTINY.

OVER the ancient hall of England's kings
 Has sorrow come—
 A sorrow deep as darkness when it brings
 Its saddest gloom;
 A blight has wither'd up the summer leaves
 Of pride and fame—
 A blast has scatter'd glory's gather'd sheaves
 In blood and shame.

* There is a tradition that marriages are predestined.

The wind sweeps o'er the battlements in sighs;
 The willow weeps,
 And tells to Thames, as he to ocean hies,
 " Our honour sleeps."
 The old keep groans; the bell in muffled tolls
 Booms out its throe;
 The royal standard droops its silken folds
 And flaps in woe.

Britannia mourns, nor will be comforted
 For children slain
 By Indian fiend; not those who bow'd the head
 On battle plain,
 But for the mighty murder'd in his chains,
 And smiling babe,
 And hoary head, the mother in her pains
 Died with a stab.

Her enemies rejoice and cry in scorn,
 " Where's now thy power,
 Thou boasted empress of eternal morn?
 Shame is thy dower!
 The brightest gem that deck'd thy diadem
 Is tarnish'd now,
 By him who knelt and kiss'd thy garment's hem.
 How fall'n! how low!"

Hall! be thou silent; harp! for ever still;
 Be hush'd, sweet song!
 And thou, hoarse drum and trumpet! cease to thrill
 The martial throng.
 Soldier! tread softly on thy measured way;
 And thou, wild steed!
 Greet not thy master with thy grateful neigh,
 But hang thy head.

Fond father! hide thy blushes for her shame,
 Sweet Innocence!
 And, brother! hush! not in a whisper name
 The foul offence;
 Speak but in vengeance with the ready sword,
 That ne'er did fail
 In retribution, when the Almighty heard
 A nation's wail.

EMBARKATION HYMN.

TIME, 1857.

AIR—"Hymn to Cynthia." *Ben Jonson.*

SOLDIER! England's hope and stay,
War has waked the world once more,
On—she bids thee to the fray
Upon a foreign shore.
Soldier! to the battle press;
God will shield, and God will bless.

Soldier! stay thine onward tread;
Hearken to a nation's prayer,
"May the God of battle speed
And help to do and dare!"
Soldier! to the battle press;
God will shield, and God will bless.

Soldier! under God, to thee
England owes her deathless fame;
On, thou son of victory!
And still exalt her name.
Soldier! to the battle press;
God will shield, and God will bless.

Soldier! guardian, truest friend!
Home and hearth thou keepest free;
Young and old their praises blend
In homage unto thee.
Soldier! to the battle press;
God will shield, and God will bless.

THE RETURN.

TIME, 1860.

AIR—"Hymn to Cynthia."

"ENGLAND! on thy sacred sod
Victory's golden wreath we fling;
Gift from the Almighty God,
We but the treasure bring.
England! to the fight we press'd;
God hath shielded, God hath bless'd.

THE BIVOUAC.

England! God hath heard thy vow—
 Heard and answer'd all thy prayer;
 Wounded, worn, and weary now,
 We come to claim thy care.
 England! to the fight we press'd;
 God hath shielded, God hath bless'd."

* * * *

THE RED AND BLUE.

AIR—"Tom of Bedlam."

O, WELCOME an honest red coat,
 And hand in hand welcome a blue one;
 Whatever the stuff, why, the colour's enough
 To show that the heart is a true one.
 O, honesty's rare when the pocket is bare—
 So rare, that to wealth 'tis a fiction;
 But the red and the blue to their salt are so true,
 They give to the lie contradiction.

In war maid and mother cry, "Help!"
 And hoary heads join the commotion;
 Yet how many shirk the real bloody work,
 And selfishly *pay* their "devotion!"
 O, devotion is rare when life's in the "dare"—
 So rare, that to wealth 'tis a fiction;
 But the red and the blue to their salt are so true,
 They give to the lie contradiction.

Their duty to them is their all;
 No question is ask'd when commanded;
 In trench, on the deck, it is little they reck,
 Though foemen come on double-handed.
 O, duty's so rare when life's in the "dare"—
 So rare, that to wealth 'tis a fiction;
 But the red and the blue to their salt are so true,
 They give to the lie contradiction.

TO-MORROW.

RECITATIVE.

Go to! to-morrow? 'tis the bane of life;
 To-morrow cheats the soldier of the strife;
 Win fame to-morrow?—rather grasp it now;
 Who hugs to-morrow fears to meet the foe.

Fight them to-morrow, with three hours of sun!
 To-morrow never yet the battle won:
 To-morrow fight! the soldier's time is *now*;
 He knows no morrow when he sees the foe.

THROW WIDE THE GATE.

AIR—"The Red Cross Knight."

THROW wide the gate, the table spread,
 For our hardy soldiers come;
 They have fought and bled in a foreign land,
 That we may have peace at home.
 Then give the best of British cheer,
 For victory's flag waves high;
 And we will sing and the bells shall ring,
 And the feast eat merrily.

Let every sire and son attend
 Who's proud of a Briton's name;
 For our soldiers stand first on history's page,
 Time cannot dim their fame.
 Then give the best of British cheer,
 For victory's flag waves high;
 And we will sing and the bells shall ring,
 And the feast eat merrily.

And come, ye fair ones, grace the dance;
 For the hand you then will take
 Has grappled with the foe on the battle-plain,
 For yours and your country's sake.
 And give, O give your sweetest smile,
 'Twill make their hearts beat high;
 And we will sing and the bells shall ring,
 And the feast eat merrily.

THE COWARDLY COMRADE.

AIR—"Good-morrow, fair maid."

WHEN I and my comrade
First started in life,
He vow'd he'd stick by me
As husband to wife;
To warn me of danger
In front he would ride,
Would shield me in battle,
Or die by my side.

With friend so true-hearted,
Could I know dismay?
Though dangers had thicken'd,
Could I turn away?
I march'd to the conflict
Secure in my pride,
Secure in my comrade
To warn and to guide.

The first fierce encounter
I stood all alone;
I look'd for my comrade,
My comrade was gone;
But when I lay bleeding,
Defeated, he came
And tore my wounds open,
Then wrapp'd them in shame.

Thus ever a coward
My conscience would prove,
Though boasting of courage,
Affection, and love;
Temptations may seize me,
He heeds not my call,
But comes with upbraidings
Whenever I fall.

O Conscience, what art thou,
To promise thine aid
When dangers are distant,
When near, thou hast fled!

Go, leave me, thou false one,
 Thou treacherous friend,
 Or, faithful and fearless
 Fight on to the end.

THE FORTY-THIRD, OR MONMOUTHSHIRE, LIGHT INFANTRY.

AIR—"Tullochgorum."

WITH peace proclaim'd, the God of War
 Descended in his fiery car,
 And call'd the nations from afar
 To take the wreath of glory.
 France, boasting, claim'd the golden prize;
 Said she won it,
 Bravely won it.

"No, no," the frowning god replies,
 "A blot is on thy story;
 For often Thou, the frighten'd deer!
 Hast fled before the Briton's spear;
 While his brave bosom knew no fear,
 Nor shunn'd the bed that's gory.

"The trump of Fame is louder heard
 For the gallant British Forty-third
 Than any corps that France has rear'd
 To grace her martial story.
 As light troops, they unrivall'd stand,
 Fierce and daring,
 Never caring.
 Among the brave the bravest band,
 Whose path is ever gory.
 To Britain I the prize award,
 And name the Forty-third its guard;
 The post of honour's their reward,
 Their claim to future glory."

We'll guard it, boys; and when the sound
 Of bugle wakes the battle-ground,
 Again each ardent heart will bound,
 To add to England's glory;

As wont, we'll march in proud array,
 First and foremost,
 First and foremost,
 Right on we'll march, and who shall say
 We shun the bed that's gory?
 We own him not who would not fight
 For England's cause, for England's right—
 Who would not dare, that his deeds might
 Live long in song and story.

OUR NAPIERS.

AIR—"Abraham Newland."

O, THE name of Napier
 To Britannia is dear,
 For much has it done for her glory,
 In log'rithms and figures,
 And bay'nets and triggers,
 And many a Tyrtæan story!
 The deathless Peninsular story:
 When ten ages hence shall be hoary,
 Men will turn to the page
 Of the soldier and sage,
 And tell of the days of our glory.

As laconic as brave,
 Wrote Charles on his glaive,
 "*I have Scinde*"—what a noble confession!
 British Lion! whose might
 Bore down all in the fight,
 Calm wisdom his rule in possession;
 Forgiving the Ameers' transgression,
 If they but made *his* own confession;
 Thus he temper'd the brand
 That he held in his hand—
 Example to all the profession.

O, the great Napier name
 Is so courted by Fame,
 That a niche higher still has she made it:
 Bold Robert has won
 Both a kingdom and crown,
 Without a man's life to o'ershade it.

Unparallel'd game—well he play'd it!
War, baffled, cried, fortune betray'd it;
But 'tis soldierly pluck
That brings Britain her luck
When talented chieftains shall aid it.

HOLY BIBLE.

HOLY Bible! mother's gift,
When my early home I left;
Fairer books have met my view,
None like thee so fresh and new.

Holy Bible! in thy page
Weary souls their thirst assuage.
Comrade, drink! 'twill clear thy view;
Drink! the draught is fresh and new.

When I pace my measured round,
When the battle shakes the ground,
Thou, my soul, its theme pursue,
Ever cheering, fresh, and new.

Holy Bible! mother's gift,
Only relic of her left,
Scenes thou bringest to my view,
Past and future, fresh and new.

Fresh and new, and never old;
Fresh and new, how often told!
Sweet and pure as morning dew,
Thou art ever fresh and new.

THE CAPTAIN OF GOD'S HOST.*

ALL Israel stood array'd, when, lo,
An angel spake, and said, "The foe
Shall bow to all who dare and do;
With you I go as captain of God's host,
In His great name we boast.

* Joshua v. 13.

" Turn not to left or right, but on
 In the Almighty's might as one,
 Renown then win and glory's crown.
 To flee shall be contempt and scorn and shame
 Heap'd on his father's name."

England but gives her nod, and so
 With one short prayer to God we go,
 And know in His right hand's the throw;
 The fall* to all He gives in war's red game
 Who call upon His name.

COME, SOLDIERS, BE JOLLY.

AIR—"The Stable Call."

COME, soldiers, be jolly
 And scare melancholy;
 Be it wisdom or folly, we follow the times;
 Be it wisdom or folly, we follow the times;
 Be it wisdom or folly, we follow the times;
 At aldermen's dinners
 Saints gather with sinners,
 And feasting and fuddling are scouted as crimes.

Our own and Rome's bishops
 Are fond of such dish-ups,
 And sages and senators scout them as crimes;
 And sages and senators scout them as crimes;
 And sages and senators scout them as crimes;
 So we will be jolly,
 And scare melancholy;
 For where are the men who are not so at times?

A truce to all thinking
 So let us be drinking,
 No matter if mountain-dew, ale, or sweet wines;
 No matter if mountain-dew, ale, or sweet wines;
 No matter if mountain-dew, ale, or sweet wines;
 For we will be jolly,
 And scare melancholy;
 Be it wisdom or folly, we follow divines.

* In wrestling the *fall* is claimed by the victor.

THE RIFLE-PITS.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

THE trench advanced slowly through rock and through clay,
 And the guns from the ramparts kept blazing away;
 The game was against us; so just to be quits,
 A dozen stout hearts volunteer'd for the "pits."
 We chose our own comrades;
 So Notley and I,
 To the wild serenade,
 March'd with pickaxe and spade,
 And of good ammunition a double supply.

We pare off the sod as a top for our *ramp*;
 In silence we shovel, in silence we tramp;
 Leave a nick like a back-sight, through which we may aim,
 Taking care it is train'd on the cannons' red flame.
 And thus in the darkness
 Joe Notley and I,
 To the wild serenade,
 Work'd with pickaxe and spade,
 And pray'd for the morning our rifles to try.

We place the sod sloping the grass to the sky,
 The green, 'gainst the green field, deceiving the eye;
 Make a rest in the nick for the rifle, that so
 Our shot may be truer to bring down the foe.
 We cheer'd as we finish'd,
 Joe Notley and I,
 Shook hands—gave another;
 Look'd up—gave another;
 And swore on our rifles, "We'll never say die."

Right into a 'brasure we looked from each pit;
 Click! click! half a dozen stout gunners are hit;
 Click! click! half a dozen again, till not one
 Of all their stout gunners would stand to his gun.
 We gave them three cheers,
 But no cheer in reply;
 Cries Notley, "Another!
 Cheer, cheer, boys, another!
 'Tis Britons who win; for they never say die!"

OUR COUNTRY, MY COMRADES.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

OUR country, my comrades, we'll never forget,
Nor the crown we have sworn to defend,
And now on the brow of fair woman 'tis set,
For her the last throb we will spend.

Each heart as a rampart, each arm in its power
Will draw the bright sword from its sheath,
To defend from her foes our dear-lov'd Royal Flow'r,
And smite every traitor with death.

When a king sways the sceptre, our duty we owe
To him, as our sov'reign and sire;
But in woman's a charm that makes ev'ry heart glow
With a flame that can never expire.

May Victoria be happy, and over our isles
The olive, sweet emblem, repose!
No faction can rise when Victoria smiles,
And we will defend her from foes.

 THE BILL, THE BOW, AND THE RIFLE.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

OUR third King Ned
To battle led
His billmen and his bowmen;
The clothyards flew
Right through and through,
Before them stand could no men.
The bows ring out
Their battle shout;
In dash the billmen slashing,
Now right, now left,
Now helms are cleft,
Now cloven heads go crashing.
O, the women, the billmen, and the bowmen!
All Europe cried,
"They're manhood's pride,
These English bill-and-bowmen."

With Hal the Fifth
They proved their pith,
With him they live in story;
For, as of yore
At Agincourt,
Theirs is old England's glory;
And lord and squire,
And knight of shire,
The burgess, and the yeoman,
Would bare the brow
In homage to
The billmen and the bowmen.
O, the bowmen, the billmen, and the bowmen!
All Europe cried,
"They're manhood's pride,
These English bill-and-bowmen."

Though bill and bow
Be ousted now
By rifle and by bayonet,
The heart's the same,
And in war's game
'Tis manhood that will gain it.
Some win by luck,
But British pluck
Has ever marched to glory;
And gallant men
At Inkerman
With rifles wrote their story.
O, that story! that page of deathless glory!
Fame's brightest page!
Yes, age to age
Shall, wond'ring, tell that story.

AWAKE, AWAKE!

AWAKE, awake! the sun when setting
In ling'ring sadness left this hill;
And now he shines, as if regretting
That we, outnumbered, linger still.

The foe comes on ; but Britons ne'er
 Confronted foe with eye of fear ;
 Their freeborn souls alike disdain
 The fear of death and tyrant's chain.

Then let each heart with hope be lighted,
 Victory yet may crown our arms ;
 'Tis but when freedom's cause is blighted,
 That life, so sweet, can lose its charms.

The foe comes on ; but Britons ne'er
 Confronted foe with eye of fear ;
 Their freeborn souls alike disdain
 The fear of death and tyrant's chain.

RETURNED FROM WAR.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

RETURN'D from war,
 With many a scar,
 Three soldiers met together ;
 A Catholic one,
 A Churchman one,
 A Wesleyan the other.
 Says he of Rome,
 " I'm quite at home
 With Churchman and Dissenter,
 Nor ask them why
 They do not try
 The same way heaven to enter."
 O, the soldier, the tried, true-hearted soldier,
 Talks not of creeds ;
 But drinks or bleeds
 With every comrade soldier.

The Churchman said,
 " Though I was bred
 To think all Rome in error,
 Yet friendship rests
 In their brave breasts
 Without a shade of terror.

Yes, / have found
 It so abound,
 So pure, so bright, so sparkling,
 A beauteous ray
 Of gladsome day
 When clouds of life were darkling."
 O, the soldier, the tried, true-hearted soldier,
 Talks not of creeds;
 But drinks or bleeds
 With every comrade soldier.

The Wésleyan said,
 " And I have bled
 With Churchman and with Roman,
 And ever knew
 Them friends and true,
 And always beat the foeman;
 And when the brave
 Sink to the grave,
 Their spirits, bright and sparkling,
 In fonder love
 Shall meet above,
 Where nothing round is darkling."
 O, the soldier, the tried, true-hearted soldier,
 Talks not of creeds;
 But drinks or bleeds
 With every comrade soldier.

MORAL COMMAND.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

WHEN *moral command* is the rule of a corps,
 Moral courage is wanting we are very well sure;
 'Tis the devil's own text, this same *moral command*,
 To palsy the power of discipline's hand.
 Of discipline's hand, of discipline's hand, &c.

When rough men are gathered in cloisters or corps,
 The thoughtless and reckless are push'd to the fore
 By those cunning scorners of moral command,
 And all just to paralyse discipline's hand,
 Discipline's hand, &c.

The "reasoning" monk was the first one to stray;
 Nor would he have trod in the libertine's way,
 Had *his* house been govern'd by discipline's hand,
 And not by the driveller's moral command.
 Moral command, boys, moral command;
 And not by the driveller's moral command.

The lawyer's black leaven through regiments will run,
 Till orders are question'd before they are done;
 Disaffection's engender'd by moral command,
 Which withers the power of discipline's hand.
 Discipline's hand, &c.

When moral command is the rule of a corps,
 Moral courage is wanting we are very well sure;
 Wise chieftains all govern by discipline's hand,
 Whilst foolish ones fail in their moral command.
 Moral command, &c.

THE GRAVE OF HOPE.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

THE storm-cloud is rising; now meet it like men,
 Keep together, and one is a match, boys, for ten;
 Only cowards, desponding, will stand still and mope,
 And see in the storm-cloud the grave of their hope.
 The grave of their hope, O, the grave of their hope,
 And see in the storm-cloud the grave of their hope.

With colours still flying was hope ever lost?
 Shall soldiers, with sword in hand, count on the cost?
 No, none but the fool when he's aught with to cope,
 Flings his colours away on the grave of his hope.
 The grave, &c.

Don't march to meet trouble as though 'twere the foe,
 A craven heart is but a knapsack of woe;
 Be brave! spurn the load! scorn those cowards who mope,
 And with their own hands dig the grave of their hope.
 The grave, &c.

'Tis the heart in the battle that strengthens the hand;
 Though few dare the odds, it is Duty's command;
 Through the clouds in her pathway the truest must grope,
 But the cloud in that pathway is gilded by Hope:
 Yes, gilded by Hope, boys, gilded by Hope,
 The cloud in that pathway is gilded by Hope.

TRUE GLORY.

AIR—"Hymn to Cynthia."

SOLDIER! onward be thy tread,
 I am with the stout of heart;
 I the conquering Joshua led,
 To do the hero's part.
 Shout! defy! an angel's near,
 Noting every battle-cheer.

I the God of battle am;
 I the sword of Gideon drew,
 Cloth'd the Midianite with shame,
 And Syrian overthrew.
 Shout My name! an angel's near,
 Noting every battle-cheer.

First in deed, in favour first;
 First, those patriots who fall;
 First, who tyrant's chain shall burst;
 These first, not one, but all.
 Glory is theirs; and angels cry,
 "Theirs is immortality."

Thirst, for glory's given by Me;
 Drink the draught the way I give;
 Fighting, falling, fearless be,
 And then thy soul shall live.
 E'er so faint, thy battle-cry
 Echoes through eternity.

THE RIDING-MASTER.

AIR—"The Sheriff Muir."

O, CAME ye here the ride to see,
 Or merely speak with me, man?
 To see the ride? Then presently
 My method you shall see, man.
 "March!" "Leading file, circle right!"
 "Trot!" Jones, your inward rein's too tight;
 Just bring the inward eye in sight,
 And ease the rein,
 And feel't again;
 Support them with the leg, and then
 Your horses will go free, men.

"Go large!" Now make the corners square.
 "Halt!" 'Fore you farther go, men,
 Take my advice, just say a prayer,
 Or mind well what you do, men.
 "March!" Mind your necks; bring me the whip;
 "Halt!" Down already, Jacob Trip?
 You ride more like a helpless snip
 Than a dragoon;
 You're down so soon,
 And grin and stare, like a baboon
 That's caged up in a show, man.

"March!" "Trot!"—together, front and rear;
 Your distance "down the centre;"
 You'd make a parson curse and swear;
 I'll make you mind me! "Canter!"
 Your necks again; "Increase your pace!"
 Roughs, at the corners take your place,
 And help them in this wild-goose chase:
 Don't spare the whip,
 And if they trip,
 They'll only go head-over tip;
 'Tis work for Doctor Banter.

"Canter short!" I'll make you ride,
 Or know the reason why, men;
 Your riding now has proved to me
 That first you did not try, men.

Press in the loins, swell out the chest,
 Turn in the toes, turn out the wrist,
 And never let your horses rest;
 But ease the rein,
 And feel't again;
 Nor roughly ply the heel, or then
 You're sure to make them shy, men.

"Walk!" "Walk out!" no distance lost.
 Smith, mind what you're about, man!
 You're surely stupid as a post;
 You've thrown the rear files out, man.
 "Halt!" bend your horses; sit at ease.
 Say, does my mode of drilling please?
 Or is it sharp for such as these?
 For my own part,
 It grieves my heart,
 Should ever a recruit get hurt;
 But many this will scout man.

THE SOLDIER'S DEFAULTER-SHEET HIS PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.

AIR—"The midges dance above the burn."

BEFORE the Keeper of the keys
 A sage-like spirit stood,
 Claiming admittance; for his ways
 On earth, he said, were good.
 "Stand back, thou canst not enter here,"
 Sternly the Saint replied;
 "For marks upon thy robe appear
 Of intellectual pride."

Abash'd he turn'd; and then a priest,
 Bold-fronted, would have pass'd;
 "Nor thou," said Peter; "here, at least,
 Know that the first are last.
 Down, sophist, to the nether deep;
 For on thy garb I see
 The desolate, the widow weep,
 Uncared, unsought by thee."

Before the Saint a soldier stood,
As next upon the roll;
His march on earth had not been good,
Nor knew he the parole;
And yet his helm of hope shone bright,
His uniform was new;
"To pass," said he, "I have no right,
But you can let me through."

Saint Peter, smiling, turn'd the key,
And said, "Thou enter? go!
For on thy uniform I see
For every crime its throe;
I see thy long defaulter-sheet—
A record none has given—
With penalties all paid; 'tis meet
The soldier be in heaven."

WE'LL MEET THE LOVED ONE AGAIN IN HEAVEN.

AIR—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff." (*Slowly.*)

OLD comrade, now the campaign's o'er,
And Victory smiles above the bowl;
Give song the rein, and bring once more
Scenes Memory treasures in the soul.
Dear Memory! brighter made by song;
Loved song! thy charms to Memory lend,
And as the cherish'd thoughts do throng, . .
Let mirth and sorrow sweetly blend.

Bring back again those joyous hours
When I embraced my mother's knee,
All garlanded with sweet wild flowers,
My little sister cull'd for me.
Bring back the comrades of my youth,
Whose ringing laughter still I hear,
And she, the girl of trust and truth,
Whose image to my soul is dear.

That strain again! O, blissful time!
 To live and love the hours away,
 In hope the joy-bells' merry chime
 Would usher in our bridal day.
 They chimed not for my own dear Nell;
 To me the joys of life were past;
 And in the deep-toned passing bell
 The future of my life was cast.

Deceived, I found life still could charm,
 Though Death intruding oft would come,
 And bear with his resistless arm
 A comrade to an honour'd tomb.
 Sweet are our sorrows for the lost;
 But sweeter far the joy that's given
 To know, on earth though tempest-toss'd,
 We'll meet the loved again in heaven.

GOD OF THE SOLDIER: PRAYER.

AIR—*Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words,"* No. iii., book 2.

GOD of the soldier, hear us, Lord: they come!
 Hear now our prayer, while yet the lip is dumb;
 Each right arm strengthen, brace the feeble knee,
 And make each heart, O God, be brave in Thee.

God! how they gather—shouting as they come!
 The trampling steed, the leaden iron hum;
 How helms are crashing! how steel rings on steel!
 God, give Thine aid, make us Thy presence feel!

God of the soldier! whence shall succour come,
 But from thy mighty arm, whose frown can doom
 The many to defeat and death and shame?
 God of my country! 'stablish Thou her fame!

God of the soldier! "Comrades! onward tread;
 The mighty God hath bow'd the foeman's head;
 Though few, we triumph; they, the many, flee:"
 Great God of armies, be all praise to Thee!

THERE'S PLEASURE ROUND THE SOCIAL BOARD.

AIR—"Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn."

THERE'S pleasure round the social board,
 When crown'd with sparkling wine;
 But these how cold when lance and sword
 On battle-plain doth shine!
 When piquets gallop in in haste,
 And foemen we descry,
 What ardour swells the soldier's breast,
 What daring lights his eye!
 With their sabres flashing,
 Now forward, now forward they're dashing;
 And ardour swells the soldier's breast,
 And daring lights his eye.

The excitements of the hunt surpass
 By far what wine affords;
 But merry hound and sparkling glass
 Must yield to clashing swords.
 A Briton's heart for glory burns,
 He mingles in the fray,
 Nor from the battle-field returns
 Save crown'd with victory.
 With their sabres flashing, &c.

Hark! "Forward, forward!" joyous sound,
 Now gladdens every heart;
 The foe is near'd at every bound
 And each will do his part.
 O, who can tell the mighty charm—
 The brave heart only knows—
 When man and man, and arm and arm,
 Are grappling in the close!
 With their sabres clashing,
 Now forward, now forward they're dashing;
 There's naught can stay the wild career
 Of Britons in the close.

THE NINETY-FIRST (ARGYLESHIRE) REGIMENT:
CAMPBELL CLAN.

AIR—"The Campbells are comin'."

Chorus.

THE Campbells are comin', make way, make way;
The Campbells are comin', make way, make way;
The Campbells are comin', the dread of the foemen;
The Campbells are comin', make way, make way.

Like their own winter torrents wi' winter rains flush'd,
The brave Ninety-first on the Gallic foe rush'd;
They storm'd every mountain-pass, won every glade,
And the Pyrenees echo'd the tune that they play'd—
'Twas: The Campbells are comin', &c.

Triumphant they cross'd over Neville's wide stream,
And the Nive, too, reflected their bay'nets' red gleam;
At Orthes, Toulouse, the proud foemen gave way;
But what foe can stand when the merry pipes play—
The Campbells are comin', &c.

As swift as the mountain flood sweeps through the glen,
So swift to the fight rush the Argyleshire men;
The pibroch is sounding; on, lads! while ye may;
There's no foe can stand when the merry pipes play—
The Campbells are comin', &c.

SIEGE OF BADAJOS.

AIR—"British Grenadiers."

'Twas on a gloomy April night, and all around was still,
Save stealthy step, and whisper low, and distant murmuring rill;
Or when the sentry on the tower that frown'd above the fosse
Made known to friend and foe that all was well in Badajos.
Five thousand Frenchmen crowned the walls, defiant, though so still,
Confiding in their towers and guns and their commander's* skill;
But what avail e'en towers and guns, or all that art can boast,
When spirits from the British Isles are the assailing host?

* General Philippon: he broke his parole from Oswestry in 1812.

Full eighteen thousand gallant hearts stood round those walls that night,

With knapsacks piled and arms all bared for freedom in the fight;
Many heads were kerchief-bound, and many brows were bare,
And spirits fierce and dauntless burn'd that they might glory share.
The Divisions now, in silence, try their destined posts to reach—
The Third the castle wall to scale, the Fourth and Light the breach;
The Fifth 'gainst the Pardalares and San Vincente were led,
And General Power's Portuguese attack'd the strong bridge-head.

A lighted carcass falling where the third division stood,
Show'd their array, and then the fire pour'd on them like a flood;
Unheeding all, Rivillas' stream in single files they pass'd,
And raised the ladders 'gainst the walls despite the withering blast.
Despite the falling rocks and beams, of shot and bursting shell,
Of musket peal, of sword and spear, and Frenchmen's savage yell;
Despite of all that Art could bring—and here her power was strain'd—
Despite of death in every shape, the castle wall was gain'd.

And San Vincente's high walls were scaled, though thirty feet in height—

The French were driven from their guns, though stubborn was the fight;

The breach was taken in "reverse," our soldiers raised the cry
Of victory, and proudly then our banner waved on high.
Meanwhile, in all the pride of war, the breaches were assail'd;
Beneath that fire any heart but Britons' would have quail'd:
The springing mine, the liquid fire, brought death in every form,
Yet dauntlessly they waded through the furnace of the "storm."

And though there in that furnace fell two thousand men, as true
As ever in the battle-scale their lives for England threw;
The Fourth and Light, untamed and fierce, the battle still waged on,

When o'er the din a joyous shout told Badajos was won.
The mural crown by Canch* was gain'd, though many a gallant name

Is writ with golden pen as bright upon the page of Fame;
Old England's sons in all the pride of battle rule the wave,
And Badajos has proved, on land, they're bravest of the brave.

* Lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment.

TRUTH.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN poets sing, their song should teach,
As well as when the parsons preach;
And, comrade, now my song shall be
Of Truth, which I commend to thee.

Who truly thinks, the Truth must tell,
And Truth in every deed shall dwell
His star of day, with sheen so bright
That Folly pales before its light.

Cherish Truth as thou dost life,
Cherish it most when storms are rife;
For doubly sure will Truth prevail
When venom'd slanders shall assail.

Truth is the bold determined guide
By valour and by honour's side;
Strength'ning courage, bright'ning life,
Marching, toiling through the strife.

Truth's the stronghold of the heart;
Truth bids manhood do his part;
Sword and shield to soldiers given
Polish'd as it comes from heaven.

Truth is mirror'd in the sky,
Mirror'd in the soul—the eye;
Sparkling there the purest gem
Glowing in thought's diadem.

WELL, TOM, MY OLD FELLOW.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

WELL, Tom, my old fellow! how many days' drill?
How many to barracks for one day of "swill"?
You're not at your trade now, a-drinking of rum,
All Sunday till Tuesday, with pal or with chum.

No, no, my old fellow ! the Army's the place
Where discipline reaches who kicks o'er the trace;
Where tricksters and dicers, when once they enlist,
Soon learn the sharp lesson to grind their own grist.

You cannot from master or landlord decamp,
And pay off your reckoning by going on tramp;
You can't snap your fingers in Discipline's face,
And say, "Get another to work in my place."

The barrack-room teaches, the camp is a school,
Where readers, when running, may learn this good rule;
That they who are tricksters before they enlist,
Are taught the sharp lesson to grind their own grist.

EPITAPH ON LORD HILL.

O THOU who boast'st a Briton's name,
Whose breast burns with a patriot flame,
Here rest and shed a tear
For one who fought in freedom's cause,
Who aided to give back her laws—
The gallant Hill lies here.

Hast thou wept o'er a nation's throes,
The widow's, maiden's, orphan's woes?
Then stay—here shed a tear:
A heart congenial once with thine
Now rests within this hallow'd shrine—
The good Lord Hill lies here.

Art thou a warrior? Bow thy head
In sorrow o'er the lowly bed
Of him who claims thy tear;
Nor let thy foot profane his grave,
Who lived the bravest of the brave—
The gallant Hill lies here.

Art thou a *Christian* warrior, thou
Who readest this? Then lowly bow
Thy knee in humble prayer;
That life's campaign like his may end,
With heaven thy hope, and Him thy Friend
Who makes the good His care.

GENERAL MACKINNON.

AIR—"O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?"

RETURN'D from war, with honour crown'd,
Mackinnon sought his lady's bower,
Where, 'mid the roses clustering round,
His dear Kate bloom'd a peerless flower.
In all the pride of woman's love
She pointed to the laurel-trees,
And said, "See how I've deck'd my grove
With emblems of thy victories!"

"These tokens of thy pride and love
Tell me, my Kate, I'm dear to thee;
But soon, alas, there may be wove
With these the mournful cypress-tree.
Kate, why these tears? Shall I remain
At home when England claims my aid?
Mackinnon's brow ne'er wore a stain:
Wouldst *thou* place one upon his head?"

"Thy wife? No, no; yet why again
Leave thy dear Kate to meet the foe—
To meet death on the battle-plain?
But go, if duty bids thee go:
Dear as I love thee, yet more dear
To this fond heart is thy fair fame.
May Heaven avert the foeman's spear,
And honour still Mackinnon's name."

Spring came—he sailed—Ciudad* was won,
But there he met a soldier's fate;
His last words, "I've my duty done;
I die in peace; God bless my Kate!"
Now round her bower the cypress-tree
Entwined with laurel's seen to grow:
One, emblem of *his* victory;
The other, record of *her* woe.

* See Napier.

**KING ARTHUR'S TOAST;
OR, THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE QUEST FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.**

AIR—"Lillibulero."

KING ARTHUR encircled his table with knights,
Whose duty it was to set all things to rights;
If a shrew gave a scream or a wench gave a wail,
Off gallop'd a knight the oppressor to flail;
Then told at the cross to the wondering wights,
How good was the king, and how brave were his knights.

They thrash'd all the roughs, thieves and vagabonds slew,
Won sheaves of white favours and bundles of blue;
Till burden'd by Fame, and by wassail much more,
These knights of the Round Table stood up and swore:
"The bowl at this board we will no more assail,
Till we have been bless'd with a look at the Grail."

RECITATIVE.

(This Holy Grail, Joseph of Arimathea
Brought over, good man, from the land of Judea;
'Tis the Passover cup, with so potent a charm,
Whoever looks on it can never know harm;
Stolen away by the priesthood, and hence the knights' vow
To win back the treasure, or kick up a row.)

Not waiting for daylight, each mounted his steed—
One always stood saddled in cases of need—
And rode away mutt'ring, half vow and half wail,
"We'll never go back till we look on the grail."
Then bursting in chorus, they made the woods ring
In praise of strong drink more than grail or the king.

The way was so weary, the flagons so deep,
The morning sun blush'd on the twelve fast asleep;
And the waving woods echoed their low dreamy wail,
"We'll never go back till we look on the grail;"
Whilst their steeds in their trappings roam'd off at their will,
To graze on the glade or to drink at the rill.

A year and a day was the time set to seek;
But now, round the table, in less than a week,
Sat the knights and the king, who said, "Sirs, without fail,
Tell truly, as knights, have you look'd on the grail?
That I from the priesthood may wrest back this thing,
They hide from the people and keep from the king."

One saw it a sparkle; another a pearl;
Sir Gawin declared 'twas a locket and curl;
As a boat that had wings; as a star with a veil;
As a cup in a moonbeam; a cloud was the grail;
Sir Percivale saw it a city with spires,
All glist'ning and glowing, a forest of fires.

"Enough," cried the king, "about this holy grail;
Not two of you, gentlemen, tell the same tale;
I fear that you drank till more jolly than wise,
As none of you saw it in two pretty eyes.
The grail, my good knights, where true witchery lies,
Is woman's fair face with two sweet pretty eyes."

So taken aback at the taunt of their chief,
And stung by its truth, these bold knights sought relief
With feet on the table round, till it went "crack,"
Or by kicking the legs, or else leaning aback
To write on the table-top with the spilt liquor,
All looking as grave as a friar or vicar.

"Cheer up," cried the king, with his good-humour'd smile.
"There's many a grail in our own lovely isle;
Fill the cup—fill it high—and know this my decree,
The toast of the Round Table henceforth shall be:
*The lips we may kiss, and the heart that replies
In flashing approvals through two pretty eyes!*"

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

AIR - "Gentle Zitella," *Frn Diavolo. (Slow, and with feeling.)*

SISTER of Mercy, crown'd from above,
Breathing so kindly words full of love—
Back to my mother how my thoughts fly,
Wing'd and awaked by thy sympathy!
Round her knees clinging, lisping my prayer:
God, in Thy kingdom may we meet there!

Sister, loved Sister! blessings be thine!
Angels, approving, own thee divine;
Wounds are forgotten when thou art by,
Death's march looks brighter cheer'd by thine eye,
Cheer'd by thy whisper, soothed by thy prayer:
God, in Thy kingdom, may we meet there!

THE SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE.

AIR—"Go where glory waits thee."

WHEN the wine is flowing,
When all hearts are glowing,
O, we'll remember thee!
When the battle's nearing,
When the victor's cheering
Still we'll remember thee.
When around are lying
Comrades dead and dying,
When brave hearts are sighing,
In hope all turn to thee.
On our arms reposing,
When life's march is closing,
O, we'll remember thee!

Florence! every soldier,
 Till his heart shall moulder,
 Will cherish thoughts of thee.
 When the sword's forsaken,
 When from death we waken,
 Sister! in heaven we'll see,
 Adorning thy pure spirit—
 God will give to wear it—
 Crown and cross of merit,
 So humbly won by thee.
 Saints shall hear our story;
 Angels in their glory,
 Echo this song of thee.

THE SENTINEL.

AIR—"Roslin Castle."

WHEN toiling on my weary way,
 Or carelessly from camp I stray,
 Or sail upon the distant tide,
 Thy form, dear maid, is by my side.
 No hours pass away so sweet,
 No moments, as they glide, so fleet,
 As when upon the embattled wall,
 I walk the lonely sentinel.

Oft there I snatch, in fancy's bliss,
 From thy sweet lips the dewy kiss;
 And press thee in these longing arms,
 And gaze upon thy hallow'd charms—
 Thy witching smile, the blush which shone
 Upon thy cheek, 'twas love alone.
 But O, 'tis fancy, fancy's spell—
 I'm still a lonely sentinel.

Heed not what rival suitors say—
 "No soldier loves when far away"—
 For though our eyes o'er beauty roam,
 The brave heart never finds a home,
 Except with her, his soul's delight,
 His joy by day, his dream by night,
 His thought—that binds him as a spell,
 When lone he walks as sentinel.

WILL THE PRIEST LABOUR MORE?

AIR—"Lillibulero."

WILL the priest labour more for the good of his flock,
 When clad in red stockings and cardinal's frock?
 Will bishops or rectors or vicars do more
 Than when they were curates, and work'd for the poor?
 And work'd for the poor, sick, aged, and poor;
 Than when they were curates, and work'd for the poor?

Will the scholar give more for the good of his kind,
 Because he is paid for the wealth of his mind?
 Crude ore he will sell; but the gem of his thought
 Springs only from love, for it cannot be bought.
 It cannot be bought; O, cannot be bought;
 It springs but from love, for it cannot be bought.

When Britain is lab'ring in war's bitter throes
 And homesteads are threatened by footsteps of foes,
 The rich from their riches give largely; but then
 Are riches the *all* of true patriot men?
 True patriot men, of true patriot men;
 Love and life are the all of true patriot men.

Will the soldier fight better, the better his pay?
 For money be first in the breach or the fray?
 No; only for love of his dear native land
 Will he seek for the foe with his life in his hand,
 His life in his hand, with his life in his hand;
 Will seek for the foe with his life in his hand.

We love the good priest who is loving and kind,
 We honour the sage for the gem of his mind;
 But he on the throne of affection shall stand,
 Who seeks for the foe with his life in his hand,
 His life in his hand, with his life in his hand;
 Who dares to the death with his life in his hand.

WORK *versus* WAGES.

AIR—"Tom of Bedlam."

O, WHEN there is work to be done,
 A work that the whole heart engages,
 How earnest we get as new troubles beset!
 'Tis the work that we love, not the wages.
 Yet learned men say,
 And the parsons all pray
 The length of their days may be longer;
 They clutch the fond prize,
 Palsied limbs and dim eyes,
 And a mind that is curtain'd in languor.

O, when there's a battle to win,
 The work in the winning's the pleasure;
 The drum and the fife stir the soul for the strife,
 And we charge to the trumpet's glad measure.
 Though manhood and pluck
 May not bring us good luck,
 In manhood and pluck is our glory;
 We live half a life
 In one short day of strife;
 Ye sages,* then, envy our story.

O, when that the battle is won,
 And victory rides on our banner,
 Upon its broad hem we deposit the gem,
 Then listlessly look on the honour.
 But trumpet and fife
 Give fresh vigour and life,
 We march, in our manhood's own glory;
 We live half a life
 In one short day of strife;
 Ye sages, then, envy our story.

* See Preface.

HER SPIRIT'S EVER NEAR.*

AIR—"The Mill-wheel."

WHEEN by the watch-fire slumbering,
 My Mary's spirit came
 In robes of heavenly brightness,
 And soft she breathed my name;
 Her wonted kiss she gave me
 In token of her love,
 And pointing upwards, smiling, said,
 "We'll soon embrace above."

"Dread not the coming fight, love,
 Dread not the foeman's spear,
 Dread not the bullet's flight, love;
 Thy guardian angel's near;
 And I am ever near, love,
 To bear thy soul away,
 Swift on the bright sun's mid-day beam,
 To love and endless day."

That night was worth a thousand
 Long years of earthly bliss;
 I feel my lips still burning
 With that sweet hallow'd kiss;
 I still feel on my bosom
 Her snowy temple rest,
 And hear her last kind cheering word,
 "The brave are ever blest."

Morn came—the battle round me
 In all its terrors raged,
 And death I fondly courted
 Where man and man engaged.
 'Twas vain; but still that vision
 My drooping heart shall cheer,
 It soothes the cares of life to know
 Her spirit's ever near.

* In singing, omit the second and third verses.

MAJOR HODSON, OF HODSON'S HORSE.

AIR—"The Harp of Tara."

SLEEP, Hodson, sleep! thy march is o'er.
Thy turn of duty's done,
The trumpet's clang shall wake no more,
No more the morning gun;
No more the squadrons shalt thou guide,
As on to fight they go,
Nor e'er again the bloody tide
Hurl back upon the foe.

How few were brave compared with thee,
Though all around were true!
Each man his eye would lift to see
Where thy bright sabre flew.
Sleep on, sleep on! nor wake again
Until the last great chime
Shall tell to dead and living men
The "route" is given to Time.

Close by the dark stream's pebbled side
We'll make thy lowly grave,
That wavelets, as they murmuring glide,
May sing "Here rests the brave."
And as the rippling waters run
To join the ocean's swell,
They'll sing of England's noblest son,
Who in the battle fell.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

WHERE are they now, those old familiar faces,
The trusty comrades of my early years?
They're living but in memory's embraces,
That fills my heart with joy, my eyes with tears.

Hail temper'd Sorrow, chief of heavenly graces!
And thy twin sister holy Joy subdued;
Through you we gaze on those familiar faces
Of our old comrades in our solitude.

THE DIRGE OF NIGHT.

AIR—"Lochaber no more," or "The old Irish Tune."

RECITATIVE.

To friend and foe the kindly Night
 Thus spake—half pity, half command:
 Ye fugitives! stay, stay your flight;
 Ye slayers! hold your weary hand;
 While I my deepest shadows throw
 O'er Salamanca's vale below,
 And sing my dirge—to you I sing
 Of comrades' woe and suffering.

AIR.

As the moon, wan and pale,
 Looks down on that dale
 In sorrow
 She'd borrow
 A cloud for a veil;
 For from bottom to brim
 Men lie stark and grim,
 Some groaning
 And moaning
 Their last prayer or hymn.

There the slayer and slain
 Lie stretch'd on the plain;
 Hands clasping,
 As gasping
 Their life out in pain.
 For the truly brave bear
 No hate; all their care,
 That glory
 Which story
 Gives all men who dare.

At his master's deep sigh
 The steed turns his eye;
 It glistens,
 He listens—
 One pat and they die.

Though still spur and rein,
 That hand's on the mane,
 Last caress
 To express
 The love 'twixt the twain.

'Neath the moon's temper'd beam
 Proud eyes catch a gleam
 Of mother,
 Home, brother,
 And die in their dream.
 Soon will she pass away,
 And leave to the day
 The horrors
 And terrors
 Which spring from the fray.

THE SEVENTH (QUEEN'S) HUSSARS.

AIR—"The Hunter of Tyrol."

ROUSE, rouse, my gallant men,
 Welcome's the battle-day!
 Soon shall the sun again
 Witness the bloody fray.
 Soon, soon in victory
 Shall our bright sabres flash;
 Mount, mount, boys, and forward,
 Into their columns dash!

Chorus.

Bright glory's wreath's o'er us,
 Not a blade will we sheath
 Till the foe that's before us
 Lies low on the heath;
 Till we shall shout "Victory! victory! victory!"
 Or grasp our hilts in death.

K

Think of our deeds in Spain;
 How Orthes' fight was won;
 How from the Belgic plain
 We drove Napoleon.
 On, on, gallant Seventh!
 Strike as if you alone
 Were freedom's last rampart
 Around England's throne.
 Bright glory's wreath's o'er us, &c.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

AIR—"Love not."

GOOD-BYE, good-bye; may God bless thee, my son,
 And give me grace to say, "Thy will be done!"
 When thou art gone, there's none to fill thy place:
 My boy, my boy! is this our last embrace?
 Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye. I cannot let thee go,
 My heart is bursting with its weight of woe;
 Fearful forebodings to my spirit call,
 "As fell the father, so the son shall fall."
 Good-bye, Good-bye.

Good-bye! no, no, and yet—consoling thought—
 The son will battle as his father fought.
 Be like him, boy; march at thy country's nod;
 And if thou fallest, 'tis the will of God.
 Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, his last words were; and mine,
 "Remember that thy country's cause is thine."
 God grant thee strength, and bless thee, oh, my son,
 And bless me also,—Lord, Thy will be done!
 Good-bye, good-bye.

I'M PROUD, MOTHERS! PROUD OF MY DEAD.

RECITATIVE.

DEAD, dead! what, my darling boy? God! can it be?
 As a soldier laid low in the strife?
 O, talk not of victory; what's that to me?
 Now sunk is the sun of my life,
 Ne'er to shine on me more; for the morn shall return
 All veil'd in the cloud of despair;
 The lamp of my heart little longer can burn;
 He's in heaven, and I'll follow him there.

Forgive, British mothers! this passionate wail;
 Look not on the tears that I shed;
 Affection one moment will duty assail,
 Yet, mothers! I'm proud of my dead.
 Yes, proud of my dead, though 'tis mingled with pain;
 For freedom and England he bled;
 I taught him to love her, and taught not in vain:
 I grieve, but I'm proud of my dead.

In boyhood and youth I would kindle his soul
 By telling the deeds of the brave;
 "With them write thy name upon history's scroll,
 And heroes shall point to thy grave."
 Grave, evergreen grave! hence my tears I'll restrain;
 My boy to his glory has sped;
 He fought for his country, he fell not in vain:
 I'm proud, mothers! proud of my dead.

COME BACK TO DIE.

AIR—"The Irish Emigrant."

DEAR mother! I'm come back again,
 Though death was often nigh;
 And then my prayer to God has been,
 To bring me home to die.
 To bring me home, my mother dear!
 For, pillow'd on thy breast,
 Methought some angel would be near
 To bear me to my rest.

Alas, how many sink in death
 Far from a mother's care;
 No sister watching their last breath,
 Or soothing with her prayer!
 No comrades their last moments cheer
 With one faint ray of joy;
 But I have you, my mother dear,
 To bless your soldier boy.

Dear mother, mother! grieve not so,
 I did my duty well;
 My comrades, ay, and many a foe,
 If living yet, can tell.
 I never shamed you, mother dear,
 Nor was a coward son;
 The noblest badge that man can wear,
 Victoria Cross, I won.

Take it, dear mother! 'tis a prize
 I value next the crown
 That God doth keep above the skies
 For those He calls His own.
 Keep it till you shall meet me there—
 The day methinks is nigh,
 And praise that God who heard my prayer,
 And brought me home to die.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

AIR—"The Maid of Llangollan."

O, ENGLAND, dear England! can I e'er forget
 The land where my eyes the bright sunbeam first met?
 Thy name, beloved country, like some hallow'd charm,
 Gives life to my heart and fresh strength to my arm.
 O, England, &c.

The arm of my strength shall be thine whilst I live,
 And in thy hallow'd service, O, who would not give
 The last drop of his life's blood to keep thee unchain'd,
 Thy honour unsullied, thy glory unstain'd?
 O, England, &c.

Thou birth-place of liberty, home of the free!
Enthroned on the blue wave as queen o'er the sea,
O'er whose spacious bosom thy flag is unfurl'd
The beacon of freedom, a light to the world.
O, England, &c.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

AIR—"The girl I left behind me."

MY term of Indian service o'er,
I trod the deck light-hearted,
And when our kits were ranged in store,
And kindly friends departed:
The ropes were loosed, we left the shore,
And hope would then remind me
Of her I soon should meet once more,
The girl I left behind me.

With her I watched the sinking sun,
The moon in all her glory,
And where the rippling streamlets run
I told her love's true story.
The silv'ry queen, the glowing west
Of blissful hours remind me,
When she was leaning on my breast,
The girl I left behind me.

Although our ship in panting haste
Sped onward o'er the ocean,
My heart before her homeward raced
In true love's wild emotion;
And lip to lip in lock'd embrace,
Embrace but to remind me
Of tears I kiss'd from her sweet face—
The girl I left behind me.

We cleared the Straits, passed Eddystone,
And disembarked at Dover,
And there I found my faithful one
To welcome her true lover;
And lip to lip in lock'd embrace
Of arms that e'er shall twine me,
When looking into her sweet face—
The girl I left behind me.

HEALTH TO THE SOLDIER.

AIR—"British Grenadiers."

HEALTH to the soldier! England's breast,
 Her pride, her hope, her stay,
 When traitor-hands their banner hoist,
 Or foes stand in array!
 From them the soldier never turns,
 But feels a fierce delight,
 A glow within that brighter burns
 To try the battle's might.

The stern dark frown, the daring eye,
 Bespeak the haughty soul
 That will not yield, that will not fly.
 That foe can ne'er control.
 There's bold defiance in his tread,
 There's victory on his brow,
 His strong arm bows the foeman's head,
 There's death in every blow.

Health to our soldiers! brave and free,
 No tyrant rule they own;
 But all with willing hearts obey
 The call of England's throne.
 And why? The light of Freedom's there,
 And whilst her ray shall shine,
 The soldier's arm the sword shall bear
 Which guards her hallow'd shrine.

THE END OF CARE.

AIR—"British Grenadiers."

YE sons of war, tell me why Care
 Sits never at your board;
 Say, does he fear the men who bear
 The rifle and the sword?
 Why turn his back on bivouac,
 And never dare presume
 To haunt the ring where soldiers sing
 In tent or barrack-room?

The reason hear. Once wrinkled Care
 Enlisted in our band,
 And cloud-like hung on heart and tongue,
 And on the ready hand;
 And when the cup we would fill up,
 The flagon he would stay,
 And dare to cloy the wheels of joy,
 And pleasure keep at bay.

The fool! to think that soldiers drink
 To banish him alone,
 When foes are near, when friends shall cheer,
 And song and toast go on!
 We knew him by his evil eye,
 So bound him in a cell;
 And never more within our corps
 Shall he have leave to dwell.

To the drum-head a prisoner lead,
 Arraign'd and guilty found;
 The sentence ran, that in a can
 Of wine he should be drown'd.
 We plunged him in the foaming linn,
 And now his troubled soul
 Flies off in fear, when the soldier's cheer
 Rings high above the bowl.

FREE TRADE APOSTLES.

AIR—"Nobody can deny."

WE march'd up to Pekin a-preaching free trade,
 With the bay'net to prove if it did not persuade;
 And the Chinamen bow'd, and the Chinamen pray'd.
 Which nobody can deny, deny;
 Which nobody can deny.

The doctrine was holy, our banner was blest,
 Which set us with God and our conscience at rest;
 As free trade apostles we all did our best.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

The working apostle may spend and be spent
 In preaching the gospel for which he is sent,
 Yet never get canonized as a true saint.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

We did England's bidding—establish'd her right
 On the best of all titles—the strong arm of might;
 And free trading saints sang their hymns of delight.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

They hymn their rejoicings, they sing all the day,
 "Though countless our profits, no tithe will we pay;"
 And the devil stands by just to chorus their lay.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

The war, God be thank'd, is over, and now
 We may go back again to the loom and the plough
 With a knapsack of thanks, which is all they allow.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

O, SUCH A LIFE AS WE HAVE LED.

AIR—"Sic a life as Titus led." *Jacobite Song.*

O, SUCH a life as we have led,
 As we have led, as we have led;
 That England, blushing, hangs her head
 For what we did campaigning.
 We march'd all night, we march'd all day,
 We toil'd knee-deep in mire and clay,
 And forded rivers on our way,
 And all without complaining.
 We battled on, ne'er counting odds,
 And dared such deeds as shamed the gods;
 And blood of friends and foes in floods
 Ran down in our campaigning.

O, such a life as we have led,
 As we have led, as we have led,
 'Midst comrades dying, comrades dead,
 When we have been campaigning.

We dug the trench, we storm'd the breach,
 With bloody steel would free trade preach,
 And every sin that we could reach
 We revell'd in, campaigning.
 We even stamp'd the British seal
 On treaties with our iron heel,
 And made the humbled nations feel
 'Twas little use complaining.

O, such a life as we have led,
 As we have led, as we have led,
 In others' stead we fought and bled,
 And conquer'd when campaigning.
 And yet our very deeds are lies,
 In sentimental * England's eyes,
 So bad, she blushes as she cries
 For *better men* campaigning.

O, should not Fame that shame repel,
 And does not Victory's pæan swell,
 And Glory from her bright throne tell
 Our prowess when campaigning?
 O, such a life as we have led,
 We still will lead, we still will lead,
 And dare opinion in the deed,
 Again when we're campaigning.

THE WARNING.

AIR—"A famous man was Robin Hood."

"ON to the Rhine!" the Emperor cries;
 "On to the Rhine!" the Press replies;
 And soldiers of the Guard and Line
 Shout, as they march, "The Rhine! the Rhine!"
 All France is up, and madly cries,
 Drunk with imagined victories,
 "'Tis ours!" and yet they often flee
 Before the men of Germany.

* See Preface.

Another army's in array,
 And drums and fifes and trumpets play.
 "On to the Meuse!" the Emperor cries;
 "On to the Meuse!" all France replies;
 And vows are made to dare and die,
 Ere from the Germans they will fly.
 They march, they fight, and at Sedan
 Are taken prisoners to a man.

At Metz, two hundred thousand more
 Capitulate, with all their store;
 And scarce a soldier's left to France
 To point a gun or wave a lance.
 Her eagle cowers with broken wing,
 Imprison'd by the Prussian King;
 And all of glory, all of fame,
 Lies hid beneath the blush of shame.

The foremost step in their decline,
 They laugh'd and jeer'd at discipline;
 Took sides in party strifes, and then
 They sunk to be a mob of men.
 Their fate should, comrade, warning be
 To England and her soldiery;
 For valour, though a gift divine,
 Dies with the death of discipline.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

SHE was a soldier's widow, and her woe
 Was deep indeed;
 On battle-field they laid her husband low
 Among the dead.
 Helpless her babes—her cruse of oil run dry—
 Empty the bin—
 The faggot-pile grown low—the rent-day nigh;
 Nor hope from kin.

I gently lifted up the latch, and said,
 "May peace be here!
 That peace which God Himself alone can shed
 To stay the tear."

Her tongue was mute; but in her swimming eye
 The full heart said,
 "Those who come round me in my misery
 Are friends indeed."

We knelt together, and in answer came
 A still small voice:
 "When in distress, call thou upon My name,
 And so rejoice."
 And truly when I left, she calmly said,
 "Sweet peace is here;
 That peace which God Himself alone can shed
 To stay the tear."

BALACLAVA.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

Now we've drunk to the Queen, let the toast of the night
 Be the name of the hero who led in the fight;
 Though he slumbers in death, yet he speaks from the grave
 In the blast of the trumpet and flash of the glaive.
 And he ever will speak
 To the bold Light Brigade,
 Whilst a hand grasps a hilt,
 Or there's ring in the blade;
 Whilst a hand grasps a hilt, or there's ring in the blade.

A bumper! a bumper! fill high and fill up,
 There's homage to valour in each crystal cup;
 Together! all standing! "To Cardigan's name!"
 Who lives in each heart as he's living in fame.
 And he ever shall live
 In the bold Light Brigade,
 Whilst a hand grasps a hilt,
 Or there's ring in the blade;
 Whilst a hand grasps a hilt, or there's ring in the blade.

We see him in front as he points to the foe,
 When the flash of the cannon laid so many low;
 The first through the guns in that death-ride was he,
 And aye Balaclava a beacon shall be
 To light us to fame;
 Whilst our Cardigan's shade
 Will still hover over
 His own Light Brigade;
 Will still hover over his own Light Brigade.

BALACLAVA CHARGE.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

ON the right of the squadron and centre by "threes,"
 With Blunt on my right, on my left Harry Lees,
 The whole Russian army we knew were ahead;
 "Now, easy!" cries Harry; "the centre must lead;
 Neck and neck, knee and knee,
 With six inches to spare,
 That our tits may work free
 And their trot may be fair;
 That our tits may work free and their trot may be fair.

Blunt patted his mare as she broke in her pace,
 "There's a mile yet, lass, ere we try the death-race;"
 Then turning, said, "Hal! lay your sword across mine,
 It braces the heart when we look on the *sign*;
 It bears the thoughts homeward,
 Ay, upwards; for there
 Lies the strength of the hand
 And the heart that will dare;"
 Lies the strength of the hand and the heart that will dare.

Whilst riding in silence, thoughts far, far away,
 The hilts were gript tighter, the spur prick'd my bay,—
 The lifted blade flashes, the heart feels its glow,
 "Hurrah!" shouted Harry; "we're close on the foe."
 Neck and neck, knee and knee,
 Give the point when you can;
 Cool, but quick the return,
 And you're sure of your man;
 Cool, but quick the return, and you're sure of your man.

The round-shot came pounding, the volleys rang fast,
Death rode on the storm, there was blood in the blast;
Blunt groan'd, as his mare gave a stagger, "She's done!"
But cheer'd as the squadron went galloping on.

Neck and neck, knee and knee,
Lift them on in their stride;
Lean well to the shock,
With the spur in their side;
Lean well to the shock, with the spur in their side.

We sabred their gunners, broke column and square,
Charged right through the cavalry posted in rear;
When Cardigan, waving his plume, cried "Well done!"
We're too few to hold what we've conquer'd and won.

Charge through back again,
Deal out death with each blade,
That Russia may tell
Of the British brigade;
That Russia may tell of the British brigade.

One cheer, and the rowels went home to the head,
The Cossacks reel'd back, not a blade but was red;
Blunt joined us re-horsed—"What d'ye think of my roan?"—
When down went my sword-arm, laid bare to the bone;

Then cleaving the Cossack
From crown to the teeth,
He brought me safe out
From that gallop of death;
He brought me safe out from that gallop of death.

With our own gallant Cardigan riding in front,
With true-hearted comrades like Harry and Blunt,
With my own mottled bay, quick to rowel and rein,—
I'd ride Balaclava again and again.

Though the pick of the North
And the pride of Ukraine
Be there, we are ready,
Ay, ready, boys, ready,
To ride Balaclava again and again.

THE RELIEF.

AIR—"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," No. 297.

OFT on my post while marching to and fro,
Watching the crescent voyaging, how brief!
I've thought an angel whisper'd, "Sentry go,"
And darkness to the challenge, "The relief."

Source of reflection, thou, O moon! shalt be,
When on life's beat we're pacing to and fro;
We too must sink behind the darkening sea,
When the relief turns out to "Sentry go."

Life's Sentry go! the great hereafter then
Shall waken some to gladness, some to grief;
So, comrades! watch and war as faithful men,
And angels shall march up with your relief.

When on your fever'd bed, far, far from home,
And fond affections fill the heart's deep hold,
They'll come as softly as the zephyrs come,
When our proud banner droops its silken fold.

They hover round our footsteps on the way,
Circle the watch-fire when the moon's above;
And in the trench, or marching to the fray,
We're guarded by those messengers of love.

Heed not the bullet in its treacherous flight,
Although the bosom, comrades, be its goal;
They're ever by, though absent from our sight,
To write our names on God's own muster-roll.

Then, upward borne on their exulting wing,
We'll join the column of the heavenly choir,
Lift our glad voices to our God and King,
Receive the crown, and tune the golden lyre.

THE VETERANS' MEETING.

Do you remember when we took the shilling,
How the old sergeant bade us drink, so kindly?
How he half whisper'd, "Are you free and willing?"
But we, like many, did not enter blindly;
We knew the value of the old man's story—
Of pretty maids who followed to be kiss'd,
Of quick promotion, stripes and stars, and glory,
Of all the tales he had upon his list.
Do you remember him?

Do you remember our old friends, so jolly,
Whose rough good nature stole on the affection,
Whose ringing laughter banish'd melancholy
And canker'd care from all our recollections?
Whenever Memory opens her rich treasure
Of cherish'd scenes about my boyhood's home,
They fade, as dreams, before the sunny pleasure
With those old comrades of the barrack-room.
Do you remember them?

Do you remember, when we were campaigning,
The marchings, watchings, toiling, and patrolling?
The thick'ning dangers, heart to heart enchainning,
Lifting the spirit beyond earth's controlling?
What inspiration when young Blunt was dying!
How godlike were the flashes from his eye!
As he beheld their squadrons broken, flying,
He join'd the cheer, but 'twas to cheer and die.
Do you remember him?

Do you remember, when, the campaign over,
Young Harry Dashwood's life was ebbing slowly,
He whisper'd, "Comrade, I shall ne'er recover,
For yesternight an angel, bending lowly,
Thus spake: 'There is reserved a robe of beauty,
First for all those who truly serve their God;
And next for thee, and all who do their duty,
Marching right onward at their country's nod'"?
Do you remember him?

Yes, I remember, and his words are stealing
 Deeper and deeper in my old heart's centre;
 Even when at the great high Throne I'm kneeling,
 The thought of him will uninvited enter.
 Yes, side by side we trod the path of duty,
 Marching right onward at our country's nod;
 And side by side with him, in robes of beauty,
 We hope to dwell in presence of our God.
 Yes; I remember him.

THE ANGELS' WELCOME.

AIR—"Gille Machree." (*Slow, and with feeling.*)

MID hopes and fears, and pains and tears,
 A vision comes of heavenly beauty,
 And angels sing their welcoming,
 "Come! thou hast done thy duty."

But soon the vision fades away
 Before a sadder pleasure;
 As memory, in rich array,
 Unfolds her golden treasure.

My boyhood's home again I roam,
 Again I twine my sister's tresses;
 Again I hear my mother's prayer,
 As kneeling she would bless us.

Soon wilt thou rest, poor weary breast,
 My weeping eyes soon cease from weeping;
 With muffled drum will comrades come,
 And I my long sleep sleeping.

And England I shall see no more,
 For more our colours flying,
 'Tis this that makes my eyes run o'er
 And not the fear of dying.

For, 'midst my tears and hopes and fears,
 A vision comes of heavenly beauty;
 And angels sing their welcoming,
 "Come! thou hast done thy duty."

THE LANCE AN EMBLEM OF THE SOLDIER'S
FAITH.

"His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood."
"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," No. 84.

AIR—"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," No. 85.

O, SPEAR of glory! lance most fair,
By Christ ordain'd* to pierce His side;
Thy right is with the cross to share
The praise for His life-giving tide.

O, spear! 'twas thine to loose the spring
Now channel'd to a mighty flood,
In which the lost, the perishing,
Are cleans'd in their Redeemer's blood.

Not thine to rob† the Victim; thou
Didst never wake the scornful laugh,
As when men to the great cross-bow,
Like Egypt to her golden calf.

O, spear of glory! lance most bright,
Emblem'd upon thy flag we see
The red redeeming blood, the white
Shows forth the Spirit's purity.

O, spear! it makes the spirit brave
As onward pressing to the fight;
It takes the terror from the grave
To look upon thy flag of light.

O, Christ, Redeemer, Judge, and King!
When through the emblem Thee we see,
And all the heart shall upward spring,
O, save us from idolatry!

* "O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordain'd those holy limbs to bear."
"Hymns, Ancient and Modern," No. 84.

† In Hymn No. 85 the cross is so apostrophised as to lead the worshipper (as do others in the collection) to fall prostrate before it, giving greater honour to the symbol than to the symbolised; this in direct violation to the command, "Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them."

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

AIR—"The Rogue's March."

BUT a few years ago ev'ry scribe was our foe;
 But, thanks to the autumn manœuvres,
 Each Special's a friend our condition to mend,
 Since seeing the autumn manœuvres,
 Our bearing at autumn manœuvres,
 Our marching at autumn manœuvres,
 And boldly they tell that we bear off the bell
 From the men of the Lindens and Louvres.

Revilers,* come on, with Sir Charles and his son,
 And see at the autumn manœuvres
 What shoulders and legs have the Froth† and the Dregs,
 What happy hearts at the manœuvres,
 Enjoying the autumn manœuvres
 As rational beings. So you, sirs,
 No more stain your pen in defaming true men,
 But shame your own sland'ring crew, sirs.

And, chiefs of the trades, come and look at the blades
 That flash at the autumn manœuvres;
 And bless the bright steel which has made nations feel
 The truth of your free-trade manœuvres,
 The weight of your free-trade manœuvres;
 The blade is the best of manœuvres
 Barbarians to teach—'tis by us that you preach
 The truths of your free-trade manœuvres.

Come, gentlemen, come, to the welcoming drum,
 And witness the autumn manœuvres;
 And you, witching elves, come and judge for yourselves,
 But lay no ambushing manœuvres,
 No smiling entrancing manœuvres,
 No willingly glancing manœuvres;
 Both sides must retreat, or adore at your feet,
 Should you lay ambushing manœuvres.

* See Preface.

† Mr. G. O. Trevelyan in his place in Parliament designated the Army as the Froth and Dregs of society.

BATTLE EVE.

PRAYER.

FAR from thy temple, yet do we
 Joy in thy promise, Lord;
 "I am where one or two shall be,
 Low kneeling on the sward;
 I'm where the trusting heart shall breathe,
 In whisperings its prayer;
 In breach, in battle's sulph'rous wreath,
 In death's dark hour, I'm there."

Be Thou our strength, be Thou our guide,
 Our buckler, Lord, be Thou;
 Our trembling fears in Thee we hide,
 As on to fight we go.
 Soon, Lord, our hands may reddened be,
 Then, O, do Thou forgive,
 And grant each soul thou settest free,
 In heaven with Thee to live.

THE BROKEN SOLDIER.

AIR—"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view."
The Rovers of Weimar, CANNING.

WHENE'ER I look upon these rags
 My limbs can scarce get cover in,
 I think upon the miser's bags,
 The trader's till, the noble's nags,
 And rich men who are clover in.
 And rich men who are clover in.

Through chatt'ring teeth I often say,
 "They might afford fit covering;
 For them I spent my prime's proud day,
 And trod the battle's fiery way
 When death was o'er it hovering,
 When death was o'er it hovering.

THE BIVOUAC.

"The worn-out soldier's tale of woe
Is in this windy covering;
I shiver in the drifting snow,
And hungry want where'er I go
About my steps is hovering,
About my steps is hovering.

"Oft was my post within the camp,
When rebels round were hovering;
Or chasing through the jungle-swamp,
Till fever came and dimm'd life's lamp,
Now broken past recovering,
Now broken past recovering.

"Poor body! thou, my spirit's rags,
I quit for other covering;
Life's current at its fountain flags,
And wearily each moment drags,
For angels near are hovering,
Sweet angels near are hovering."

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

AIR—"Bob and Joan."

DEAREST! when on guard,
Weather warm or wintry,
Keeping watch and ward
To and fro on sentry.
Hours so calm and sweet,
Hours of holy pleasure,
Fancy's richest treat
Clasping you, my treasure;
Peering in your eyes,
Face bewitching, smiling,
List'ning to replies
Heart and soul beguiling.

Not a day that dies,
Not an hour or minute,
Not a moment flies
But you, love, are in it.

Polishing my bit,
 Making buckles brighter,
 Making straps to fit;
 All my work is lighter
 Thinking of you, love,
 My delight, my treasure,
 Not a saint above
 So brimful is of pleasure.

In the barrack-room,
 Full of din and clatter;
 When my horse I groom—
 When or where no matter;
 When "to saddle" sounds,
 When my steed I've mounted,
 When he onward bounds,
 When the foe is fronted;
 And when we pursue,
 With wild passions burning,
 Still my thoughts to you
 Will, my love, be turning.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

HITHER, Bacchus! god of wine;
 This shall be a night of thine—
 Hand in hand with Vict'ry come,
 Come with trumpet, fife, and drum.
 Fill the goblet, fill it high,
 Brim each soul with ecstasy.

Fill it foaming, sparkling up,
 'Tis the soldiers' votive cup.
 Once again; to England's name!
 Fill, O Bacchus! to her fame.
 Fill, &c.

Hither, Bacchus! god of joy!
 Be to-night our goblet-boy;
 Wreathe the flagon, bear it round
 To the harp's entrancing sound.
 Fill, &c.

Drink! and happy be as kings;
Drink! 'tis balm which Bacchus brings;
Drink! in the enchanting draught
Wit has dipp'd his feather'd shaft.
Fill, &c.

Drink! 'twill make the bosom swell;
Drink! 'twill work ambition's spell;
Deeply drink, for hand divine
Fill'd the cup and mix'd the wine.
Fill, &c.

Hither, Bacchus! dancing light,
Crown each brow with mirth to-night;
Linking o'er the mantling bowl,
Heart to heart and soul to soul.
Fill, &c.

HEROES ARE HERITORS OF HEAVEN.

My soul, how oft 'tis thine to be
Rapt in the soldier's ecstasy,
While musing on the field of fame
Which Englishmen are proud to name!

Responsive to my charger's neigh
The trumpet sounds; away! away!
The spur is home, I grip my blade
And stretch along the dusty glade.

One thought of home, a pray'r to heav'n,
By the great God of battle shriv'n;
My bosom glows in transport tost
As fain to lead the charging host.

Imagination, fired by Fame,
Inscribes upon her shield my name,
And welcoming the bullet's hum,
I shout them back, "We come! we come!"

The blood runs quicker through my veins,
 Resolve each reeling sense enchains;
 Tumultuous passions rule my breast
 Till danger dared is to be blest.

Blest in the mem'ry of our corps,
 Blest in dear England's mental store,
 Blest in the holy promise giv'n,
 "Heroes are heritors of heaven."

Then upon Glory's wing away,
 Beyond the classic Euxine sea,
 I ride again the field of fame
 Which Englishmen are proud to name.

THE DEILS O' DUNDEE (SCOTS GREYS).

REGIMENTAL MOTTO—"SECOND TO NONE."

Air—"Lillibulero."

OVER moor, over mountain, from Nith to the Spey,
 Folk cried—"See, here's comin' the Deil o' Dundee,"
 Then up goes his bonnet—"There's work to be done,
 And look ye, my Troopers! be second to none,
 Second to none, lads, second to none,
 O, the Deils o' Dundee must be second to none!"

Time pass'd, and at Ramillies galloped the Greys
 Through square and through squadron, in just their old ways;
 From the French Royal Regiment their standard they won,
 And Marlbro' declared they were second to none,
 Second to none, lads; second to none,
 The Deils o' Dundee, O, are second to none!

Bold Campbell at Dettingen led in the fray,
 And a banner of gold from the field bore away
 From the famed *Gendarmerie*,* who turned tail at the run,
 And the Deils o' Dundee stood there second to none,
 Second to none, lads, second to none,
 And the Deils o' Dundee stood there second to none!

* A select body of cavalry which took precedence of every regiment of horse in the French army.

The Greys at the glorious Waterloo fight
 Put ten thousand men of Count D'Erlon's to flight;
 Their eagle and banner by Ewart were won,
 And the Deils o' Dundee prov'd they're second to none,
 Second to none, lads, second to none,
 And ever the Deils shall be second to none!

Balacava rings out from the trumpet of Fame,
 And her loudest of notes Grieve's and Ramage's name,
 Though all there were heroes, *they* Valour's Cross won,
 And two armies cried—"They are second to none,"
 Second to none, lads, second to none,
 "Those Deils o' Dundee, O, are second to none!"

Then lads while our steeds answer rowel and rein,
 Or ever the battle the heart shall enchain,
 While Nith and the Spey to the Ocean shall run
 The Deils o' Dundee shall be second to none,
 Second to none, lads, second to none,
 O, the Deils o' Dundee, shall be second to none.

MEN OF DELHI.

AIR—"March of the Men of Harlech."

MEN of Delhi! crown'd of glory!
 Fame rides on the flag that's o'er ye,
 Britain tells no brighter story
 Than in Delhi's fall!
 There ten thousand proudly bore them,
 Though thrice thirty stood before them,
 Not one cloudy thought came o'er them
 Their brave hearts to thrall.
 But the sight entrancing,
 Banners gaily dancing;
 Horse and foot
 Defiant shout,
 And cannon, too, advancing.
 "Firing, cease!" the trumpet sounded,
 On the British soldiers bounded,
 And the foemen fly astounded
 Shelt'ring 'neath their wall.

Months of toil—no cheek was blenching—
 Night surprises, scorching, drenching,
 Fifty battles fought unflinching,
 On that field of fame.
 Well they knew that England's honour,
 Knew the prestige of her banner,
 Lived in their strong arms, and on her
 They would bring no shame.
 On their steel relying,
 Odds, as aye, defying,
 Through the breach
 The tower they reach
 Where now our flag is flying.
 Gone for aye, the Mogul glory,
 Shadow'd by the flag that's o'er ye,
 Soldiers! there's no brighter story
 Than in Delhi's fall.

THE CONQUERING PLUME.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

IN days of old
 Men stout and bold
 Would buckle on their armour,
 If but a sail
 Swell'd in the gale
 On England's shore to harm her;
 Men proud of birth
 And men of worth,
 And Yeomen round would gather,
 The trader too,
 With bill and bow,
 All deck'd in plume-of-feather,
 Oh, the feather! the conquering plume-of-feather!
 The noble's plume,
 The yeoman's plume,
 The conquering plume-of-feather.

Though humble now
 The wearer's brow,
 A Briton's brow 'tis shading;
 And each bold hand
 That lifts a brand
 Will keep that plume from fading.
 Where Duty leads
 Right on he treads,
 Both clime and battle braving,
 And 'midst the fight,
 A thing of light,
 He sees the feather waving.
 Oh, the waving! the battle and the braving!
 And hark! the cheer!
 'Tis Valour's cheer—
 "The conquering plume is waving."

With pride each man
 That plume doth scan,
 Or what his occupation—
 All he holds dear
 Is symbol'd there—
 His corps, his home, his nation;
 All in that plume,
 That conquering plume,
 Which on his helm he's wearing,
 He counts no foe,
 Will dare and do,
 Or die, the Briton! daring.
 Oh, the daring! the doing and the daring!
 He counts no foe,
 Will dare and do,
 Or die, the Briton! daring.

THE VICTORS HOMEWARD BOUND.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

THE Russ bemoans his Euxine Queen,
 His prestige and his power,
 His shame in levelled wall is seen,
 In temple and in tower;

In mighty fleets, which sunken lie,
Low in their watery grave,
And in the cheer—
The British cheer—
That rings back o'er the wave.

Astern is trailed, with broken wing,
The eagle of the Czar;
The decks are strew'd to cumbering
With trophies of the war;
And high old England's ensign flies,
The Russian droops below:
And loud and clear
The British cheer
Rings homeward as they go.

They come! and on each banner'd scroll
By valour's pen is graved,
The Ride of Death, Sebastopol,
The Turkish empire saved;
And high old England's ensign flies,
The Russian droops below:
And loud and clear
The British cheer
Rings homeward as they go.

On deck, below, in gleesome throngs,
O'er votive wine they sing—
"The victory alone belongs
To Battle's Mighty King;
Through Him aloft our ensign flies,
The Russian droops below:
Then loud and clear,
Boys, let our cheer
Ring homeward as we go!"

THIS "TRIBUTE OF SONG" TO DASHING BRAVERY
IS INSCRIBED TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE
BALACLAVA CHARGE.

ANNIVERSARY SONG, 1875.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

FILL, fill! bold Knights of Spur and Blade,
At Balaclava won,
And famous made the Light Brigade
By Cardigan led on.
Fill up! fill high! and proud the thought
That twenty years ago,
As one man we,
Dauntless and free,
Rode on to meet the foe.

Six hundred we—an army they—
But little did we reck;
Our Chief's sword waved, "Away! away!"
Then on, boys, neck and neck
We charged right home—and proud the thought
That twenty years ago,
Through guns we broke—
With sabres' stroke
Laid many a Russian low.

And true as is this trusted brand,
Familiar to our grasp,
Our Comrades in the far-off land,
Who sleep in death's cold clasp;
Let mem'ry shed one tear for them,
Though twenty years ago,
We wear the wreath,
But they in death
The nobler grave shall know.

Three armies watched with bated breath
The shock of steeds and men,
And History that Ride-of-Death
Records with iron pen;

And Comrades! thrice ennobling thought,
 How twenty years ago,
 That record true
 Was 'graved by you
 In blood of Russian foe.

Then fill, bold Knights of Spur and Blade,
 And this our toast shall be,
 "Long may the dear old Light Brigade
 Stand first in chivalry;"
 And deep the draught to crown the thought
 That twenty years ago,
 We raised the fame
 Of England's name,
 As told by friend and foe.

PHILOSOPHERS, PHILOSOPHERS!

AIR—"Alley Croker."

PHILOSOPHERS,
 Philosophers!
 And all who spend your leisure
 In reading books
 In quiet nooks,
 For profit or for pleasure;
 What noble themes,
 What happy dreams,
 What castles built on bubbles,
 Are yours to cheer,
 To banish care,
 The world and all its troubles!
 O, Philosophers! say, is it wise, Philosophers!
 So to condemn,
 So to condemn
 Unletter'd men, Philosophers?

Did ancient sire
 Of yours retire
 From winter evening's dreariness,
 And find in books
 And quiet nooks
 A solace in his weariness?

THE BIVOUAC.

No books had they
 To wile away
 The loneliness of leisure;
 So now among
 The jolly throng,
 And now in wine sought pleasure.
 O, Philosophers, and found it too, Philosophers!
 As soldiers now
 So often do,
 Not bless'd like you, Philosophers!

O'er leisure's hour
 You have a power,
 Denied to the unthinking;
 A higher gift
 The soul to lift
 Above the joys of drinking.
 And as you find
 You cannot bind
 The masses to your measures,
 Shall soldiers feel
 Your letter'd heel,
 To crush out their rude pleasures?
 O, Philosophers! your charity!* Philosophers!
 Beyond to-day
 What thought have they?
 This hour's their all, Philosophers!

THE SOLDIER'S REWARD.

Sweet Angels! say, why watch ye here
 Attendants on the soldier's bier?
 Say, what consolings do ye bring,
 Now weeping Pity droops her wing?"

The God of Battle's servants, we
 Camp round the bivouacs of the free,
 Fire with red dreams of dangers braved,
 Of hardy triumphs, England saved.

* See Preface.

We, too, with Pity droop the wing,
 And sympathize with suffering;
 Yet more rejoice and shout to see
 The patriot-spirit bursting free.

And be thou brave: remember this,
 No saint shall know a higher bliss
 Nor brighter mansion in the skies,
 Than he who dares, and, daring, dies.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

BADGE, THE PRINCE OF WALES' PLUME.

AIR—"March of the Men of Harlech." (*Welsh Air.*)

HAIL, ye cherished sons of glory!
 Long as Snowdon's crown is hoary:
 First in Britain's martial story,
 Lives her Fusiliers.
 On our banner proudly flying,
 Banner, aye, the foe defying,
 See recorded deeds undying,
 Graven by your spears.
 O, the glorious treasure!
 O, th' exulting pleasure
 Soldiers feel
 When foemen reel
 Or stand their blades to measure!
 Heroes of the Plume-of-feather,
 Men of Cambria! on together,
 Where the foemen thickest gather,
 Column'd or in square.

Ply the steel that ne'er betrayeth,
 Thereon vict'ry surely stayeth,
 Bright and keen how swift it slayeth
 Albuhera! tell.

Mountain torrent fiercely gushing,
 Cambrians on the foemen rushing,
 Down the steep their columns pushing,
 Thousands that day fell.
 Hoarse the trumpet's blaring,
 Bayonets are flaring,
 Herald they
 Of victory,
 To Fusiliers, the daring—
 Heroes of the Plume-of-feather,
 Men of Cambria! on together
 Where the foemen thickest gather,
 Column'd or in square.

THE WELCOME CUP.

Written for the Lord Mayor's Banquet in honour of the Prince of Wales' returning from India.

FILL! 'tis the loyal welcome cup,
 But ere the wine the heart regales,
 Be this our toast, all standing up,
 "Welcome our noble Prince of Wales."
 Hurrah!

Drink deep! and let the mantling tide,
 Libation be for favouring gales,
 And now, as one, with grateful pride
 We welcome back our Prince of Wales,
 Hurrah!

Drink deep! the draught's the pledge of love,
 Love the true patriot never veils,
 And now to our good Queen we prove
 How we regard our Prince of Wales.
 Hurrah!

Time from the chair all goblets brimm'd!
 Know as our joyous cheering swells,
 The toast throughout the land is hymn'd—
 "Welcome our noble Prince of Wales."
 Hurrah!

THE FIFTY-FIRST (SECOND YORKSHIRE WEST
RIDING, KING'S OWN) LIGHT INFANTRY.

AIR—"Garry Owen." (*Moderately slow, but with spirit.*)

WEST Riding Yorkshire lads are we,
The Fifty-first Light Infantry,
The King's Own ready aye shall be
 To march and meet the foemen.
The King's Own fighting Fifty-first,
The gallant Yorkshire Fifty-first,
The famous, furious,* Fifty-first,
 Aye meet to beat the foemen.

Upon our banner's silken fold,
In letters of embroidered gold,
The bloody tale of Minden's told,—
 Vittoria, too, as glorious.
And aye the King's own Fifty-first,
The gallant Yorkshire Fifty-first,
The famous, furious, Fifty-first,
 Have battled on victorious.

At Salamanca, field of fame!
Full forty thousand Frenchmen came;
We met and Britons won the game,
 And all in forty minutes.†
And foremost was the Fifty-first,
The King's own fighting Fifty-first,
The famous, furious, Fifty-first—
 And all in forty minutes.

We hotly chased them out of Spain,
We chased them from the Belgic plain,
And aye their backs we'll see again,
 Should they but dare the fight, boys.
Against the King's own Fifty-first,
The gallant Yorkshire Fifty-first,
The famous, furious, Fifty-first,
 Should they but dare the fight, boys.

* After the Peninsular War the Officers used to add to their signatures five F's, for the "Forward, fighting, famous, furious, Fifty-first."

† Wellington is reported to have said that at Salamanca he beat forty thousand men in forty minutes.

THE SOLDIER'S BOAST.

RECITATIVE—TIME 1870.

ENGLAND! our hearts are thine however coldly
Thy glances fall;
Thy banner we have ever borne right boldly
At Duty's call.

Where rests thy prestige? on the swords we're bearing;
Where lives thy fame?
In battles won and in our deeds of daring
To lift thy name.

In Abram's height—key to the great Dominion
Which owns thy sway;
The Cape—where the Dutch Stork with broken pinion
Cower'd in the fray.

In Badajos; in Albuhera's story;
In Waterloo,
Where from before our sabre's flash of glory
Napoleon flew.

In Inkerman; in Delhi's seven days fighting,
Hand gripping hand,
When soldiers the civilians' folly righting
Won back the land.

Why boast the deed and then decry* the doer,
Whose all is thine?
Among thy sons say, who with purpose truer
Bows at thy shrine,—

Than he who bears to victory thy banner,
Nor turns aside?
In front he sees thy glory, fame,—and Honour
His own bright guide.

* See Preface.

THE SIXTH, OR INNISKILLING DRAGOONS.

AIR—"Larry O'Gaff."

PRIDE of old Ireland are the Inniskilling boys,
 Lov'd by dear woman, for they are brave willing boys;
 Dreaded by foemen are the Inniskilling boys,

Who in the battle so dauntless as they?
 Who through the wood goes patrolling so warily?
 Who on the dreary march carols so cheerily?
 Now by his tir'd steed tumbles so wearily

Dreaming of home and of friends far away.

Glory of Erin's Isle,
 Favour'd of woman's smile,

Dread of foe

On your brow

Green shall the laurel grow,

As when you tore it

From foemen who wore it,

When from the battle they fled in dismay.

Hearts of true metal who conquer'd at Waterloo,
 There the Count d'Erlon's corps swiftly they overthrew,
 Galloping on not a trooper his bridle drew,

Till their famed lancers turned tail and away;
 And, thrice outnumber'd, upon the Crimean coast,
 Courting the danger they charged on the gather'd host,
 Hurling their squadrons back rolling in blood and dust

Whilst the bold troopers stood lords of the fray.

Glory of Erin's Isle,
 Favour'd of woman's smile,

Dread of foe

On your brow

Green shall the laurel grow,

As when you tore it

From Russians who wore it,

When Balaclava they fled in dismay.

THE TRIBUTE OF SONG.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

JOVE, wearied by prayers that so savoured of self
 From Science, Law, Learning, from Power and Pelf
 For all in their pride to be crowned as the king
 Pay homage and laud but themselves as they sing—

Thus spoke to Apollo—"Go plant upon earth
The laurel for man as his emblem of worth,
And he to Olympus shall ever belong
Who wins the green wreath and the tribute of song."

Law, Science, and Learning,* rushed up to the tree,
And the Muses all cried, "'tis for me, 'tis for me,"
Each one wove a wreath but to wither and die,
Whilst Pelf stood aloof—fifty wreaths he could buy.
Philosophy next from the tree pulled a bough,
And with his own hand placed the wreath on his brow,
"Nor thine glory's wreath," cried Apollo, "the throng
Will never repay thee with tribute of song."

Then crowds came from temple and tower and hall,
From the mart and the loom, from the plough, one and all,
And mother and maid round the laurel tree throng'd,
And sang glory's wreath to bold Valour belong'd.
Jove heard, and, approving, decreed from his throne
That chief among earth-born stood Valour, alone,
And that on Olympus with one heart and tongue
The Gods shall pay Valour the tribute of song.

* See Preface.

THE BIVOUAC.

RETIRED from off the mountain ridge
To where the roads lead to the bridge,
The vedette takes his stand;
The better that his watchful eye
May see an object 'gainst the sky,
And all around command.

Here, shelter'd from the foeman's sight,
He deeper peers into the night,
And better hears the sound
Of coming horsemen on patrol,
Of distant squadrons to stand, gun-wheels roll
Along the hollow ground.

The sleeping host on him relies
To warn against a night surprise,
Or tell of moving foe;
Ready to give the beacon flash;
Ready with piquet on to dash,
Or hold the road below.

My martial Muse! canst thou explain
Why he's neglected, who shall gain
A fortune by his trade,
When in comparison he stands
With the rough soldier who commands
No fortune but his blade?

The reason's clear: By toil and pain
A man by trade may riches gain,
And revel in his pelf;
The world, though envious, sees his goal,
The object of his narrow soul—
He gains but for himself.

Where is the sacrifice that trade
For home or country ever made,
Except by law compell'd?
And when was Commerce known to spare
To those who death and danger dare.
And her trade-rights upheld?

Thus is the trading class despised,
Or less esteem'd; the warrior priz'd
For his self-sacrifice;
Ere he engaged he chose his part,
To serve his country hand and heart
In any enterprize.

Though Pleasure twines her silken fold,
Though mirthful Revelry lays hold
To keep him in her haunt,
From both he turns with scornings when
There's danger in the shock of men,
And rushes to the front.

His life is in his right hand stored,
And held, a treasure with his sword,
Devoted to the State;
And when the steel shall flash and ring,
His life into the scale he'll fling,
To give the battle weight.

The world, impartial, decks his brow,
Or all her warm affections flow
In honour o'er his bier;
But when was trader crown'd with bay,
Or who when he has pass'd away
Pays homage with a tear?

This world's "forever" truly lies
Within the soul's deep sympathies
Enthroned upon the heart;
Then with thine own sword write thy name
On that "forever"—'tis his fame
Who nobly acts his part.

All hail, thou valiant lonely man!
Of that proud host thou art the van,
And danger's in the front;
Be watchful while the many sleep,
And whilst the few their vigils keep,
Or revel as they're wont.

RECITATIVE.

Back from the lines within the wood's recess
A band of lowly warriors kneel in prayer;
Its solemn shade more solemn thoughts impress,
And each heart feels the God of Battle's there.

They never yet had fear'd their country's foe;
Had never turn'd, but gather'd to the strife;
Knowing that courage but alone can flow
From Him who bears the scales of death and life.

HYMN OF THE BATTLE EVE.

AIR—"Lo, He comes!" (*Hymn.*)

COMRADES! round us night is closing;
See, yon star illumines the west,
Emblem of that hope reposing
Calmly on the soldier's breast!
For we trust in
God who bows the foeman's crest.

Hear us, Thou great God of armies,
Listen to a soldier's prayer;
With Thy strength to-morrow arm us,
Make our cause Thy special care;
Then shall foemen
Know Thy venging sword is near.

With Thy power, O Lord, protect us,
 Guard our dear ones and our isle;
 In the coming fight direct us,
 Crown us, Lord, with victory's smile;
 Cheerful in Thee,
 We will meet the coming toil.

Fearless he whose heart's relying,
 Lord, upon Thy strength alone;
 He fears not the hour of dying,
 'Tis the portal to Thy throne.
 God of Battle!
 We Thy Almighty pow'r own.

Sweet solemn sounds arrest the list'ning throng:
 Now in the tall tree-tops, now high in air
 The spirits of the slain, in farewell song,
 Their comrades for the coming fight prepare.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OF THE SLAIN.

AIR—"The Vale of Strathmore."

FAREWELL, belov'd comrades, companions in arms,
 The life once so dear to us now hath no charms;
 Sweet cherubs and angels await in the skies,
 To welcome the brave as to glory they rise.

No distinction in heaven of nation or tongue,
 No upbraidings of whose earthly rulers were wrong;
 Love the purest now reigns in the spirits of those
 Who just parted on earth as the deadliest foes.

Then on, beloved comrades! in battle be brave,
 For here dwells no spirit of recreant slave;
 This happiness only the true soldier feels,
 Who shrinks not in death, but may die ere he kneels.

O, who would not thus deprive death of its name!
 O, who would not breathe out his last breath in fame!
 'Tis the portal of life, 'tis the entrance to heaven:
 A crown wreathes the brow of the spirit thus riven.

The sleepers heard the music, and awoke;
Again they slept and heard it o'er again;
As trumpet sounds the battle to evoke,
Or check pursuing squadrons on the plain.

Wrapp'd in his cloak a youthful warrior lay,
Communing with himself on days gone by;
And then the future of the coming fray—
Should he be spared to live, or, stricken, die?

Indignant at the oft-intruding thought,
He half arose in his soliloquy;
"This life is a reality, and naught
Can break the link that binds it to the sky.

But, Death! thou art life's shadow, only seen
When panting fear hangs on the coward's skirt;
Fain wouldst thou, but thou canst not, stand between,
And make the brave the path of fame desert.

No, not for thee will soldiers turn aside,
When duty bids the doing; know thou this—
Who trusts in God may well thy power deride,
His last footprint's on thee—then all is bliss."

And thoughtfully many peer'd into the night,
And peopled their brain with the scenes of the fight—
The dash of the squadrons, the crash when they meet,
The grapple, the rally, the foe in retreat.

The thoughtless, the reckless, the roving are there,
Adventurous spirits to do and to dare;
Unflinchingly forward they joyously ride,
And strike down the foe in the strength of his pride.

And many in secret had bow'd at the shrine,
Who now join the circle of friendship and wine;
Each heart feels the charm which but perils bestow,
And joys in the hope of soon meeting the foe.

Around the watch-fire laughter ran,
 The tale was told, and ev'ry man
 Must either tell a tale or sing,
 Or sit without the merry ring.
 First Elley, he whose iron frame
 Nor toil nor danger ere could tame,
 With stentor voice began his lay—
 To fight or sing he'd lead the way.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.

AIR—"Bonnets of blue."

HURRAH for the Household Brigade!
 Hurrah for the Household Brigade!
 When the battle is near, they charge with a cheer,
 And win with the spur and the blade.
 At Dettingen boldly they charged,
 By the dashing Earl Crawford led on;
 "Come follow, my lads,
 Trust alone to your blades,*
 And the battle will soon be your own."

Hurrah for the Household Brigade!
 Hurrah for the Household Brigade!
 They charge to the tune of "Strike, Britons! strike
 home!"
 Which the trumpeter gallantly play'd.
 The king, as they pass'd, cried "Well done!
 For the honour of England† you fight;
 Give them spur—give them rein—
 Drive the French to the Maine—
 Hurrah! see, they yield to your might."

Hurrah for the Life Guards and Blues!
 Hurrah for the Life Guards and Blues!
 The pride of Napoleon's cavalry Guard
 Turned tail to the Life Guards and Blues.
 And we too, my boys, will strike home,
 As did ever our gallant Brigade;
 Charging on with a cheer
 When the battle is near,
 And winning with spur and with blade.

* History of the Brigade.

† The King's address at the battle.

He ceased, 'midst plaudits from the merry throng,
And called on Hodson for his tale or song;
He oft had stemm'd the battle's fiercest tide,
Would cheer the drooping or the dauntless guide;
His skilful arm thrice saved a comrade's life;
His sabre bloodless never left the strife;
He loved his comrades, and was loved by all,
And every heart responded to the call.

COMRADE, DRINK, AND FILL THE BEAKER.

AIR—"Proudly and wide my standard flies."

COMRADE, drink, and fill the beaker;
Life is but a marching day;
Fools may shun the glowing liquor,
We'll be merry while we may.
Long before the sun is shining
We shall see the vedette's flash;
Long before he 'gins declining
We shall meet the battle crash.

Meet it, aye, as true men meet it,
Hand to hand and face to face;
Square or squadron we will greet it,
Death may come but not disgrace.
Drink again, and fill the beaker;
Red wine makes the heart to glow,
But the pulse of life beats quicker
When we march to meet the foe.

Drink again; the sage's story
Takes him threescore years to weave;
Soldiers in one deed of glory
Flash through ages from the grave.
Drink again, and fill the beaker;
Red wine makes the heart to glow,
But the pulse of life beats quicker
When we march to meet the foe.

Moore* sat retiring; yet from his bright eye
Flash'd valour's fire in its intensity,
And 'midst its deepest glow his heart would roam
To those dear loved ones far away at home.

THE DEAR ONES AT HOME.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee." (*Slowly.*)

FLING on a fresh fagot, the flagon refill,
Be it Burgundy's grape or the growth of Moselle;
None sparkles so brightly, so rich in its foam,
Befitting to pledge the beloved ones at home.

In their watchings they're with us, they're here in their dream,
Our prowess their glory, our glory their theme;
They cherish a love nothing less than divine,
For we live on their lips as they kneel at the shrine.

And long of the morrow they proudly shall tell—
Of fond ones who triumph'd, of dear ones who fell.
Then fill up the cup till it sparkle and foam,
And drink to the dear ones, the loved ones at home.

Fling on a fresh fagot, the flagon refill,
Be it Burgundy's grape or the growth of Moselle;
None sparkles so brightly, so rich in its foam,
Befitting to pledge the beloved ones at home.

The tale had ceased, the health of those away
Was drunk, and Radcliffe† then began his lay.
From private he had pass'd through every grade;
And now behold him Major of Brigade.
Dauntless in fight, as in the barracks kind,
'Tis few commanders like him we shall find.

* In 1857 Adjutant Moore, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, jumped his horse on to the bayonets of the square. His horse was killed, the square broken and annihilated, but he not even hurt.

† Served as a private in the Royal Dragoons.

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS AND MORDAUNT,
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

TIME, ABOUT 1706.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

WITH our horses aboard, we let loose ev'ry sail,
And soon clear'd the Straits with a westerly gale;
Brave Mordaunt our leader, who never looks back,
Though all Europe's navies should lie in his track.
Hurrah, for Mordaunt, boys! come what or come when,
Come fleets full of fiends or the bravest of men,
He steers through the strife as he steers through the blast,
Nor sails but with banner nail'd firm to the mast.

He taught ev'ry trooper the topmast to strike,
To handle a sail and to board with the pike;
Lash yardarm to yardarm, the grapple to throw;
Then with two half-hitches to make sure the tow.
Hurrah, for Mordaunt, boys! come what or come when,
We'll follow through fiends, we will follow through men;
Man the top, or be ready with sabre in hand
To board or charge home at our chieftain's command.

We drove the French fleet from the Catalan shore,
We took Barcelona and towns by the score;
"Valencia!" cried Mordaunt, and never look'd back—
There's loot for the trooper who rides in his track.
Hurrah, royal troopers! come what or come when,
Come squadrons of fiends or battalions of men,
Say, who recks the odds, or would shame Valour so,
As to parley with Death when in sight of the foe?

With foot in the stirrup and hand on the mane,
We spring to the saddle and gather the rein;
The sword in the grip and the foemen at bay,
We send the spur home—then away, boys, away!
Hurrah for the Royals! come what or come when,
Come squadrons of fiends or battalions of men,
No thought but to charge; with a cheer it is made,
And Luck rides the pommel, and Glory our blade.

Tom Sabre next. He left the forest glade,
 The fold, the plough, to grasp a freeman's blade;
 Though humble, he possess'd a soul of fire,
 And oft essay'd to strike the martial lyre;
 Would rouse his comrades on the battle-plain,
 Or bear them homewards on a plaintive strain.

LET THEM TALK OF HOME DUTY.

AIR—"The bunch of green rushes that grew at the brim." (*Boldly.*)

LET them talk of home duty and garrison life,
 Of their parks and parades, of the dance and the play;
 Give me the campaigning where dangers are rife,
 When the battle but slumbers to wake with the day.

Where, as here, round the watch-fire brave comrades recline,
 And tell in their war-songs of victory won;
 Past ills they forget, as they quaff the red wine,
 And each heart responds to the sound of the gun.
 Let them talk, &c.

Or, haply, our squadron in ambuscade lies,
 To cut off a convoy and bear home the spoil;
 Or with a wild shout some lone outpost surprise:
 One such moment atones for a whole life of toil.

On the field every soldier lives joyous and free;
 The cup of true friendship he meets only there;
 For the hand that presents it to-morrow may be
 The one that shall guard, that shall victory share.
 Let them talk, &c.

Bob Hardyman*—who show'd as many scars
 As any veteran in his country's wars,
 Who never shunn'd the fight, but where it raged
 He forward rush'd, nor reck'd whom he engaged—
 Next raised his voice, enrapt in wild delight,
 And thrill'd each bosom for the coming fight.

* See Napier.

THE RAPTURE OF THE STRIFE.

RECITATIVE.

WHAT have we to do with rules,
With learning and those letter'd fools
Whose teachings would but quench the flame
That flashes in the breath of fame?
Be ours the trumpet, drum, and fife;
Be ours the rapture of the strife!

Yes; fools deny the goblet's foam,
Nor have our eyes o'er Beauty roam;
But Beauty smiles and wine-cups ring
Where forward soldiers love and sing.
Yes, love and wine give zest to life;
But O, the rapture of the strife!

Whilst the dull dotard dreams his dream,
Our deeds shall wake man's glorious theme;
And o'er the votive goblet's brim
High homage we will pay to Him
Who gives the soul its fiery life
In the wild rapture of the strife.

Last sang young Freer, who shamed a Spanish corps
That feared to charge on the Bidassoa's* shore:
With scorn he waved his sword, a flaming brand,
Then singly dash'd against the hostile band.
A deed so startling roused the Spaniards' pride,
And rushing on, they turn'd the battle-tide.
The fight was won; and 'midst their shouts of joy,
Their highest theme, "The noble English boy."

* See Napier.

AGAIN FILL THE GLASS.

AIR—"Hey for a lass wi' a tocher." *Burns.*

AGAIN fill the glass, for the night's wearing fast;
 Let this be a bumper—it must be the last.
 See, the sky to the eastward is now getting gray;
 And, hark! there's the bugle. Come, drink and away.
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 So drink, my brave boys, and away.

The sun in his splendour shines not like the ray
 Of Glory that lights on the brave to the fray;
 And ere he goes down, the loud trumpet of Fame
 Shall blazon our deeds and shall tell every name.
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 Hurrah! 'tis the signal for battle!
 So drink, my brave boys, and away.

Betime the bugle's note had died away,
 Each stalwart arm was ready for the fray.
 The mountain-ridge is gain'd, and from its height
 They rush—a river in its gather'd might,
 Hurling along the foemen's broken ranks:
 Hussars and lancers pressing on their flanks;
 Whilst flaming bright in battle's proud array
 The British banner lights the onward way.
 Drunken with Victory's cup the host reels on,
 Till Fame's loud trump proclaims, "'Tis done! 'tis done!"
 The sword is sheathed, the lance is in its rest,
 The "order'd" rifle hugs its hero's breast;
 Each brow is bared in homage, as they raise
 The song of triumph and the hymn of praise.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

AIR—"Sound the loud timbrel."

"SOLDIERS of Britain, now we've sheathed the sword,
Come, join the loud chorus in praise to the Lord."
Great God, to Thy name we ascribe all the glory;
With hearts overflowing we give praise to Thee.
To Thy throne we come to tell our glad story—
Our arms are triumphant and England is free.
"Soldiers of Britain, now we've sheathed the sword,
Come, join the loud chorus in praise to the Lord!"

Lord! we acknowledge Thine almighty pow'r,
Our shield and our buckler in each trying hour;
Thou great God of battle, who went out before us,
And scatter'd the foemen with Thy flaming brand,
We give Thee the praise—though our banner flies o'er us,
The vict'ry was won by Thine own mighty hand.
"Soldiers of Britain, now we've sheathed the sword,
Come, join the loud chorus in praise to the Lord."

THE BARRACK-ROOM.

THE trumpeter his blast has blown,
The horses are all "bedded down,"
And fed with corn and hay;
Their heels well rubb'd, the stable swept,
Utensils ranged to see how kept
By stableman that day.

The next is warn'd, who counts them all—
Brooms, buckets, forks in th' empty stall,
The shovels and the barrow.
"Fall in; nor let one word be said,"
The sergeant cries, "till I have read
The orders for to-morrow."

Steady and silent now they stand,
To hear their honour'd chief's command—
A jolly troop are they:
No brow is clouded, joy is there;
How little, comrade, is thy care;
Thy morrow's as to-day!

The orders read, the duties told,
"Right—face!" "Quick—march!" in accents bold
The sergeant-major cries;
With measured tread they march along,
"Break-off!" and up the stairs they throng—
At that word order dies.

The duties of the day were done,
 And all agreed to have some fun
 Within the barrack-room;
 Determined 'twas that each should tell
 A tale, or sing, and thus dispel
 The winter evening's gloom.

Tom Sabre, oldest soldier there,
 Was promptly voted to the chair,
 With right to make a call.
 He call'd on Wiltshire Will to prove
 How soldiers were esteem'd by Jove
 In his celestial hall.

JOVE AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

AIR—"Lillibulero."

GREAT Jove sat in state to determine the claim
 Of the orders of men as they jostled for fame;
 Though diverse their ways, and so rugged and strait,
 They all reach'd together the heavenly gate.
 When the priest, ever bold, cried, "The prize must be
 mine;
 For I'm your ambassador, Jove the divine!"

"That may be quite true; but, Sir priest, you were paid
 When you married or buried, anointed or pray'd:
 You offer'd no sacrifice worthy of fame,
 So you may return by the way that you came;
 But first doff the mitre, that emblem of pride,
 And the crosier, the augur once wore by his side."

The poet and novelist—vague and verbose—
 On mountains of leaves would his own fame propose;
 But his godship declared it was really too bad,
 That from so many books such small good should be had;
 So crumpling the leaves with a critical scoff—
 Poor three-volume bow'd, then back'd out, and was off.

And there was the rich man whose fame was his gold,
 And the millowner's claim was the profits he told;
 The merchant's fame rested alone in his ships,
 And the statesman's in votes he had pander'd to whips.
 Jove gather'd his thunder, prepared for a fling;
 And the soldier was all that remained in the ring.

Jove dropp'd his red bolt, and then said with a smile,
 "Your hand, my brave soldier of Britain's fair isle;
 Fill a goblet with nectar and drink to his name,
 So godlike in battle, so worthy of fame.
 With his sword in one hand and his life in the other,
 Out of heaven we surely can't find such another."

Next Dandy Jack, a witty spark—
 Some say he'd been a lawyer's clerk,
 While others said a stoker—
 March'd in with slate and copy-book,
 And sung, with a determined look,
 To the tune of "Alley Croker."

DANDY JACK'S SONG.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

WE live and learn
 How men will turn
 To follow fear or fashion;
 When war breaks out,
 They loudly shout,
 "Come, rally for the nation,
 You best and brave;
 'Tis you must save
 Old England from dishonour;
 Give blood and life
 To win the strife,
 And glory heap upon her.
 O, the soldier, the patriotic soldier!
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 One more hurrah!
 All honour to the soldier!"

Now fear is by,
 They scorning cry,
 " We'll teach you fellows writing;
 'Tis slates and books,
 And strokes and crooks,
 That make men fit for fighting.
 A stronger blow
 You'll give the foe,
 If fired by a lecture;
 Or at the school
 Have learn'd a rule,
 Or, boy-like, thumb'd a picture."
 O, the soldier, of thirty years and older,
 Must go to school,
 To learn the rule
 To be in battle bolder.

Old comrade Bill,
 My blood's a-chill
 To think, when we're campaigning,
 How hearts will sink,
 'Fore pen and ink,
 And A B C's down raining.
 Who ever thought
 Of battles fought
 With hefts and hoes and haiches?
 With spelling-books,
 And stops and strokes,
 With riddles, glees, and catches?
 O, the soldier, of thirty years and older,
 Must go to school,
 To learn the rule
 To be in battle bolder.

The corporal's wife upon him glanced,
 And on her wicked lip there danced
 The tauntings of her song;
 And as she closed the last refrain,
 The swords and scabbards rang again
 With shoutings from the throng.

THE CORPORAL'S (ABSTAINER'S) WIFE'S SONG.

AIR—"There's nae luck about the house."

YOU loathe your meat, you cannot eat,
 Your stomach has no tone;
 But come, my dear, I've grill'd you here
 A juicy mutton bone;
 As I'm your wife, your tale of life
 Will very soon be told.
 I boil, I roast, I bake, I toast,
 Yet you can't eat hot nor cold;
 But there you pine, and dwine and dwine,
 Till your blood runs thin and cold;
 While a glass of good beer your stomach would cheer,
 Whether it be new or old.

Are you a Light, a Rechabite?
 Will men example take,
 Think as you think, drink what you drink,
 All for the fuss you make?
 And must *you* teach, and must *you* preach
 'Gainst whisky, rum, and gin?
 Why, in no age, nor in holy page,
 Is good home-brew'd a sin.
 Yet there you pine, &c.

Right sure am I, would you but try
 A glass of home-brew'd ale,
 From bottle or wood, 'twould rich the blood,
 And make you strong and hale.
 Withdraw the pledge, nor longer hedge
 Yourself with senseless rules;
 They're only made for those decay'd
 To drunk and driv'ling fools.
 But now you pine, &c.

Fired by the loud approving cheer,
 Yet with the flame half-quench'd in fear,
 "Sweet Phil," with modest mien,
 Seem'd seeking something in his throat;
 At last he found the true key-note
 To sweet "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Down they laid him on the floor,
Roughly shook him, with "Good-night;"
Sternly bow'd she to the door,
Murmuring to herself, "All right."

Round she turned him on his face,
Stripp'd him to below the knee,
Took the birch-rod from its place,
Then laid on right merrily.

For each groan the rod she plies,
For each kick a stronger blow,
Now half sobered loud he cries,
"Wife! O wife! do let me go."

By the neck she held him tight
Still belab'ring in her glee,
Till he cried, "I'm sober quite,
Sober, wife! I'll live for thee."

A trio, who would often be
With "pal" or "chummie" on the spree,
Now raised a merry song;
All silent sat, as sang the first;
But when the joyous chorus burst,
They join'd in loud and long.

DEFAULTERS' ROOM.

First Defaulter.

HERE am I, for one day's spree,
Shorn of six days' liberty;
Extra drill'd, denied to speak,
And this pack my back will break.

Second Defaulter.

If you find the pack's a bore,
Grumble on, but spree no more;
'Tis but right that you should think
Full six days for one of drink.

Third Defaulter.

Jolly soldiers never care
 How they live or how they fare;
 We'll be merry, sing, and laugh,
 And the nut-brown ale we'll quaff.

Second and Third Defaulters.

Jolly soldiers never care
 How they live or how they fare;
 While a friend the glass will fill,
 We'll bear the pack with right good will.

Next Moralising Will stood forth,
 And said, "My song's of priceless worth,
 Could I but once begin it.
 Silence, silence! while I sing;
 Then every man around the ring
 Will see the moral in it."

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

AIR—"Contented wi' little." *Burns.*

As Wisdom and Folly
 Once met on the way,
 Says Wisdom, "What, jolly
 So soon in the day?"
 Quoth Folly, "I'm merry,
 To laugh's my delight;
 So come, brother Wisdom,
 Sup with me to-night."

The sage bow'd assenting,
 But felt rather sore,
 So brother'd by Folly—
 "That Folly's a bore."
 However, to supper
 That night he would go,
 Determined in Folly
 Some good seed to sow.

A right hearty welcome,
 And pledged by each guest ;
 " From good wine could ill come?"
 The thought seem'd a jest.
 The wine-cup so sparkled,
 The wit was so bright,
 That Wisdom and Folly
 Were brothers that night.

Straight under the table
 The sage his legs flung,
 And over the chair-back
 His right arm he swung ;
 So happy and jolly,
 So jolly, 'tis said,
 He was carried by Folly
 Right jolly to bed.

Tom Carbine caught the chairman's eye,
 Who bow'd to him approvingly,
 When Tom began his say ;
 " *Will* shows the wise may be o'ertaken,
 /, that the Deil may be mistaken
 About good conduct pay."

THE DEVIL AT FAULT.

AIR—" Alley Croker."

AFORE their time,
 In manhood's prime,
 Two souls the devil collar'd,
 And swung his tail
 Round like a flail,
 To thrash them if they holler'd
 They struggl'd sore ;
 But fierce he swore
 That each of them was his'n ;
 And to the death
 He stopp'd their breath
 With thumb upon their weasan'.
 O, the bother! he never had such bother,
 Two souls to take
 Below to bake,
 Or in the brimstone smother.

In look allied;
 But when he tried
 To bind them both together,
 One to the sky
 Began to fly
 As lightly as a feather;
 While in a funk
 The other sunk
 With his good-conduct badges—
 Each one a mark
 That in the dark
 He'd ta'n the devil's wages.
 "O morality, they paid me for morality!
 I drank and swore,
 Besides much more;
 And that was my morality."

The other soul
 Produced a roll
 Of crimes for which convicted;
 And opposite
 To each was writ
 The punishment inflicted.
 Thus, day by day,
 He wiped away
 The devil's loathsome leaven,
 And made secure
 An exit sure
 By which to get to heaven.
 "O, my passport, I now have got my passport!
 My race is run,
 My penance done,
 And I have got my passport."

The Devil, solo.

I bribed a priest
 With promised feast,
 And that I'd make his nation
 The first on earth
 For moral worth,
 To frame this regulation:
 "That soldiers may
 For G. C. pay

Sell me both soul and body."
 The mark'd I've got,
 And yet I've not
 Got one for drinking toddy.
 O, he's sold me! they were all mine he told me;
 And yet that ghost
 I now have lost
 Shows how the villain sold me.

Tom said, with his sarcastic smile,
 "Ye mark'd, ye devil's own! in file
 March round the barrack-room;
 And ye who wipe your sins away
 In painful penance day by day,
 Now cheer them to their doom."

Loud, long, and lusty rang the cheer;
 The pointed finger told the jeer;
 When Tom, to calm the strife,
 Proposed that Shifty Dick should tell
 Of Buffstick and the Norwich Belle,
 And their sweet wedded life.

TOM BUFFSTICK AND THE NORWICH BELLE.

AIR—"Lothian Lassie."

TOM BUFFSTICK was tired of lying alone,
 And said "the nights march'd-past in 'slow time;'
 That two in a bed were far better than one;
 So he would get married in no time, in no time;
 So he would get married in no time.

Tom brush'd up his buttons, and polish'd his shoes,
 Gave each one rub more to look smarter;
 He challenged; the answer, "Your Poll can't refuse."
 My life on't, but Tom caught a tartar, a tartar;
 My life on't, but Tom caught a tartar.

As he thought of pleasure, and she but of fame,
 No question was asked till they married;
 And though Scandal whispered that Poll was to blame,
 Her darts she most skilfully parried—yes, parried;
 Her darts she most skilfully parried.

The honeymoon pass'd, as most honeymoons do,
 Far brighter when waxing than waning;
 Nor long till the last beam was hid from their view,
 Tom sigh'd, but 'twas no use complaining, complaining;
 Tom sigh'd, but 'twas no use complaining.

The days pass'd in skirmishing, jealousies, strife;
 From marriage no joy could he borrow,
 With his face to the wall, and his back to his wife,
 The nights seem'd to "mark time" in sorrow, in sorrow;
 The nights seem'd to "mark time" in sorrow.

Sam Sabretasche so fired the throng,
 As breathless on his words they hung,
 That, rising one and all,
 They sang in chorus, o'er and o'er,
 As chorus ne'er was sung before
 In barrack-room or hall:—

"IT SOUNDS—AWAY."

AIR—"Wreath the bowl." *Irish Melodies.*

COME, quickly pass
 The sparkling glass,
 Nor mind though 'tis the last, boys;
 A soldier ne'er
 Should know dull care,
 Nor think of pleasures past, boys.
 With morning's light
 We'll join in fight,
 Bold front to front opposing;
 And where's the foe,
 When weapons glow,
 Can stand the Briton's closing?
 So let the glass
 Now quickly pass,
 We've pleasure brighter far boys;
 To mingle in
 The battle's din,
 And all the scenes of war, boys.

While others quaff
 Their wine and laugh,
 They think not of the tameness
 Of their dull lives,
 And though each strives
 At *life*, 'tis all a sameness.
 Wine may impart
 To each cold heart
 One ray to soothe its sadness,
 And for a while
 Dull care beguile,
 And wake the song of gladness :
 But when the morn
 These joys have shorn,
 They cannot count the pleasure
 That soldiers feel
 When hill and dale
 Wake to the gun's glad measure.

IT SOUNDS—AWAY!
 O! who would stay?
 E'en wine itself grows darkling,
 When on the heath,
 Forth from the sheath
 The glowing steel leaps sparkling.
 And when we know
 That brave's the foe,
 And bent, like us, on fighting,
 Can life fill up,
 In Pleasure's cup,
 A joy half so exciting?
 No, no : the glass
 Then quickly pass—
 Three cheers, and then we-go, boys,
 To mingle in
 The battle's din,
 To meet and beat the foe, boys.

Tom Sabre with commanding air
 Rose from the presidential chair
 (In English plain, a bed),
 Saying, "Comrades, round in circle stand,
 In friendship grasp the friendly hand;"
 Then he the chorus led.

THE BARRACK-ROOM CHORUS.

AIR—"The Bohemian National Air."

Solo.

WHAT though the barrack-room
Humble may be?
Dear as the noble's home
Is it to me.

Chorus.

Home in the barrack-room,
Comrades are there,
True as their temper'd steel,
Banishing care.

Solo.

Comrades! the fighting few,
Men who will dare;
Hope of the many who
Sumptuously fare;
Give them their peace at home,
Proud though they be;
Friends of the barrack-room,
Prouder are we.

Chorus.

Home in the barrack-room, &c.

Solo.

Off to the battle-field
Gaily we ride;
Each arm old England's shield,
Each heart her pride;
Where foemen thickest stand
Head we our way,
Where hand doth grapple hand
Shout we "Hurrah."

Chorus.

Home in the barrack-room, &c.

Solo.

Comrades! the men who win
 England her fame;
 On! let the battle's din
 Your deeds proclaim.
 Famed though her statesmen be,
 Softly they lie;
 Nobler the destiny
 For her to die.
 What though the barrack-room
 Humble may be?
 Dear as the noble's home
 Is it to me.

Chorus.

Home in the barrack-room, &c.

The horses heard the wild uproar,
 And kick'd the posts and shook the floor,
 And clank'd their logs and chains;
 They knew their masters joyous cheer,
 Snorted as though the foe were near,
 And long'd to feel the reins.

* * * *

The chorus o'er, they all disperse;
 Some sing the fag end of a verse,
 While others crack a jest;
 And many laugh, as they turn down
 Their bedsteads, and shake up the "down"---
 Then happy sink to rest.



EPIGRAMS AND POEMS.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP, AFTER THE BATTLE.

SWEET Sleep! descend and kiss the lid
 Of friend and foe; come, though unbid,
 And calm the passions of the breast,
 As nature thou hast lull'd to rest.
 The breeze is hush'd, the leaf is still;
 The lambs lie shelter'd 'neath the hill;
 The feather'd tribes, the ant, the bee,
 The lowing herds repose in thee:
 All but the weary soldiers, who,
 Sweet Sleep! now thy caresses woo.
 O, be it not in vain we plead,
 So that in visions we may speed
 Away, away, o'er ocean's foam,
 To snatch one kiss from those at home.

PATRIOTISM.

THE first commandment is, to love the Lord;
 The second, give to men the love that's due;
 The third, to serve thy country with the sword,
 And God will bless as for the other two.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"THIS morning, comrade, didst thou pray?
 For battle there will be to-day."
 "God's providence is over all;
 And if between the *hit* and *fall*,
 We cry for mercy, mercy's given,
 Our route is sign'd, and we're in heaven."

THE ROUTE FOR HEAVEN.

As charity and love insures
A billet up above the skies,
He who for country dies secures,
We must believe, that heavenly prize.
So, comrade, on! nor thou the battle fear;
An angel with the route for heaven is near.

GLORY THE CROWN OF IMMORTALITY.

Dost question, comrade, what can glory be?
It is the crown of immortality,
Worn by the brave, who never stoop to fear,
But onward press when thronging foes appear.
Yet he a crown of double brightness wears,
Whose heart fair virtue with rough valour shares.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this mound fifty true soldiers lie,
Each for his country dared to do and die;
The trump of the archangel call'd them home,
And now admiring Britons bless their tomb.

CHILDREN AND SOLDIERS GOD'S SPECIAL CARE.

WITH what a thrifty, earnest, anxious care
Men strive to lengthen out life's calendar!
Whilst the true soldier, with his life in hand,
Stands ever ready at his chief's command,
Knowing, as onwards charging at his nod,
Like children, he's the special care of God.
The bullet strikes; what then? By God 'twas sent,
To take that life which He had merely lent.

HAVELOCK.

To fire each Briton's bosom as he reads,
Upon this stone the sword and helm we grave,
The banner, telling of the noble deeds
By Havelock done, the which did Lucknow save.

CARDIGAN.

HERE lies the dust of James Earl Cardigan,
In Balaclava's charge the foremost man;
Intrepid leader of the Light Brigade,
When Russia felt the prowess of their blade.

THE THIRTY-SECOND.

WITH courage less than yours, brave Thirty-second,
Lucknow, as Britain's, would not now be reckon'd;
To your unflinching hearts she owes alone
The second jewel in her Indian crown.

DISCIPLINE.

HAIL, Discipline! without thine aid
No army wears the winning blade;
Yet multitudes shall heroes be,
And hero he who bows to thee.
For valour breathes—a breath divine—
On all the votaries at thy shrine.

VALOUR'S WREATH.

THAT valour's wreath can ne'er adorn
The helm that by the coward's worn;
Its leaves, instinctive, droop and die,
Shamed by the dastard's company;
Whilst on the brow that dares the fray,
It brighter grows from day to day;
Till ev'ry leaf's a sparkling gem
Upon the hero's diadem.

ENVIOUS BROTHERS.

DEAR Island Mother! thy sons Rank and File
Have never on thy honour placed a stain;
When foemen threaten or false friends beguile,
We risk our lives for thee on battle-plain.
Then why but frowns return, dear island mother!
And give thy smiles to Lore,* our envious brother?
Heed not his scoffs, nor Wealth thine elder son;
Have they for thee such fame and glory won?
Or have they offered such a priceless gem
As India to deck thy diadem?

PEACE WITH GOD.

THE smile upon their lip and placid brow
Proves that not hate, but duty, struck the blow.
There! lay them side by side; death all strife ends;
They met as foes and fell, and now are friends.
Gone, but a march before, to that abode
Where faithful soldiers rest in peace with God.

HOME OF THE DYING SOLDIER.

AH, what avails my longing eyes
To watch the western sun,
As onward to my home he flies?
Ah, what? my race is run.
Sweet home! dear friends! my mother!—all!
Never to see you more;
My fever'd frame to dust shall fall
Upon this Indian shore.

* See Preface.

THE GUARDS' EPITAPH.

TELL to the passer-by, fair marble, tell
Of Guardsmen who for England fought so well;
The loved, the true, the gentle, and the brave,
Who left their homes to fill a hero's grave
On Cathcart's hill—son, father, husband, brother—
Far from the bosom of their Island Mother;
They fell whilst fighting on the Euxine coast,
When Russia fled before the British host.

DOST THOU COMMAND?

DOST thou command? then act the noble part,
Be firm but kindly, and thou'lt be obeyed.
DOST thou obey? then with thy hand and heart,
Show the true soldier in the ready blade.

THE TRUE SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER's life and duty's path he trod,
His thoughts of England and his trust in God;
He turned the spear and at Sebastian's fall
Fame's highest theme,* the deeds of Sergeant Ball.

GLORY WAITS FOR THE BRAVE.

COMRADE! 'tis not enough that thou should'st look
On blood of friend and foe, a running brook;
Dash through the stream, with Valour for thy guide,
And Glory waits thee on the other side.

* See Napier's thrilling account of this brave sergeant's gallantry.

ENGLAND'S GLORY IS THE SOLDIER'S MEED.

THE British soldiers step erect and bold,
 Yet all unconscious of a whit of pride,
 For boldness is their nature—men behold
 And say, "In such may England well confide
 Whose valour fits them for the life they lead,
 And her own glory is the soldier's meed."

THE BRAVE LIVE IN THE AFFECTIONS.

Go thou to England's monumental shrine,
 And learn the virtues she deems most divine.
 In lowly corner lies the poet's dust,
 Enshrined beside the story-teller's bust;
 And nobles, churchmen, lawyers, statesmen lie
 With coffin'd ashes of philosophy;
 Whose names we read upon the chisell'd stone,
 Pause as we read, forget, and then pass on.
 Whilst at the lofty monuments of those
 Who fell when batt'ling with their country's foes,
 We linger long in homage to their name,
 And read the nation's in their wreath of fame:
 Man's highest sacrifice—their life—they gave,
 And throned on the affections live the brave.

THE TWO VETERANS.

A FRAGMENT.

First Veteran.

AN ancient comrade's face lays memory bare,
 And brings in vivid view the hardy deeds,
 The joys, the sorrows, and the cherish'd scenes
 Of long companionship: 'tis life renewed.

Second Veteran.

Not oft have I a face to look upon;
 Yet ever trooping round my weary hours,
 Are thoughts of other years; familiar faces,
 Ay, voices too, will come and rob the night

Of half its loneliness. I love to live
 One half my mental life in memory,
 The other half in that great mystic future.
 These are so closely bound and link'd together,
 That this poor body's present slender claims
 Are like a crush'd-out file from their close ranks,
 And, in the rear, but little thought upon.
 All dear remembrances are springs of joy,
 That, river-like, the farther from their source,
 The deeper channels wear; and, at the last,
 Spread out in one wide ocean of delight,
 Which bears the spirit upward, till the route
 Is sign'd for her release.

First Veteran.

Would I were like thee,
 If, with thy poverty, I had thy mind!

TOM BRAGGER'S GHOST.

THE lightning's flash illumed the tent,
 When Bragger's ghost we see;
 Dejected, weary, woe-begone,
 He said, "Be warn'd by me.

"When we were marching to the breach
 I turned about to fly;
 And no one saw the wicked deed,
 None saw the coward die.

"You laid me 'neath the mountain cairn,
 You fired o'er my grave;
 And I the only coward there,
 With fifty true and brave.

"Each hero gain'd a golden crown,
 All gemm'd with jewels rare;
 Whilst I in darkest cell must lie,
 The comrade of Despair.

" As night comes round, at open files
In double rank they stand,
All face to face, with bay'net fix'd,
Or naked sword in hand.

" And through them I from flank to flank
Must march by tap of drum;
That each may time his cut or thrust,
And send the bay'net home.

" Stricken I reel, but cannot fall,
The bay'nets keep me up,
And push me on, and push me back—
O, 'tis a bitter cup!

" At noon of night, all bleeding, bare,
They drum me from the grave;
Chased by the imps of Fear, that they
May bind me as their slave.

" At cock-crow back, but not to rest;
For when, dear comrades, you
Tell o'er your deeds, the sword of scorn
Pierces me through and through.

" And when your battle-cheer rings out,
I stifle in red flame—
A fire that burns but not consumes—
The burning blush of shame!"

Fear clutch'd the ghost as chanticleer
Rang out his thrilling crow;
And in the distance we could hear
" Woe to the coward! woe!"

THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

FROM flank to flank the trumpets ring,
Proudly the Light Brigade advances;
Back on the foe his shout they fling,
As waving high each sabre glances.

Proud of their strength, and proud to know
Their deeds that day, at Balaclava,
Would be by wondering friend and foe
Told on the Seine and on the Neva.

In bush, in brake, in glen, in glade,
Behind the rocks, among the heather,
On right and left in ambushade,
By companies the Russians gather.

In front come plunging shot and shell,
In front an army's waiting ready;
Yet on they ride right true and well,
Their sole command, "No hurry! Steady!"

With steady hand their steeds they guide,
That knee to knee be lock'd when closing;
Now in their flanks the row'ls they hide,
And rock-like fall on all opposing.

Through guns, through squadrons, column deep,
On, onward still, through squares they're dashing,
O'erwhelming as the whirlwind's sweep,
When oaks are bending, rifling, crashing.

The blast is spent; but fiercer now
Each red and reeking sabre's gleaming;
Each skilful thrust, each stalwart blow,
Brings from the foe his life-blood streaming.

No more they speed their onward way—
In clouds the foemen round are closing;
In front, in rear, in close array,
Where'er they turn, a host's opposing.

The trumpets ring—quick as the light
They cut their way through thronging masses,
Who dare not bide their charging might,
But open as each hero passes.

Ride on! ride fast! ride as you may,
Nor skill nor courage now's availing;
A hundred guns to check your way
With blazing shell and grapeshot hailing.

Ride on! ride fast! for, left and right,
Pick'd riflemen the hill-tops cover;
And horse, who lately shunn'd the fight,
Close on the rear in thousands hover.

Of that six hundred few return;
Yet all are shrined in Britain's story,
And, beacon-like, their deeds shall burn—
Our children's light to fame and glory.



APPENDIX TO BIVOUAC.

(ADVICE TO THE SOLDIER.)

APPENDIX.

ADVICE TO THE SOLDIER.

COMRADES,—Having lived in the closest intimacy with you for so many years, I offer no apology for tendering advice founded on the experience of age, and on the knowledge of your character, your wishes and your wants ; advice given in the affectionate hope that some may profit by the reading.

I do not ask the reason why you resigned your citizenship to become a soldier. This much is certain, that unless you possessed the inherent pluck of a Briton, you would not now be in the ranks. And, in resigning your citizenship, did you resign your liberty? Liberty! Had you a voice in making those laws which you were then obliged to obey, any more than you had in framing the Articles of War under which you now serve? Ask yourselves the first question seriously; look round upon other occupations and callings. The clerk, the shopman, and the mechanic are obliged to submit to the whims and caprices of master and foreman; these might at any time deprive them of labour and of bread. You, on the contrary, are governed by those who are subject to the same rules as yourselves, whose powers are defined, and whose interests are the same—viz., the honour and well-being of the corps. The relation is not that of employer and employed, but that of comrade-soldiers who share in watches, marches, toils, and dangers. Difference in rank there must be, and there must be men in authority; still, the private soldier *who strictly does his duty* is a far more independent man than any in the same rank of life and has fewer cares. He has also much leisure time, and can, if he choose, spend that time profitably.

KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR PROFESSION.

The first and great object of a young man on joining should be to gain a thorough knowledge of his profession. This will require practice, attention, and observation. As, however, you will have

competent men to instruct you in every part of your duty, I need only say that to succeed you must excel, and to excel you must perseveringly practice. You may think that the drill instructor is too exacting, in having the trifling motions of the rifle and other exercises done so minutely and together. These, however, are the A B C of musketry and field movements; they make men quick, apt, ready, and are necessary to bring the body to move mechanically while the attention is directed in watching for, or obeying a command. Depend upon it, there is a reason for everything you have to do. You will find your time fully occupied until you are dismissed; it is to the disposal of your time after dismissal that I shall first direct your attention.

LEISURE TIME.

No man, whatever be his calling or profession, but must have some leisure time. The soldier cannot always be on parade, on sentry, or at drill; he must have some relaxation, and it has been the great desire of our chiefs for some years past to devise means by which you could dispose of your spare time pleasantly and profitably. As manly games and exercises are so closely connected with your profession, I conclude you take every opportunity of joining in them. I therefore address you on education.

BOOKS.

To you who cannot read I would say, do you not feel humbled when obliged to ask a comrade if your shirt is really your own, because you cannot read the name and number upon it? Do you not feel that the man who can point out on the map the town for which you have got the route, or the country for which you are soon to embark, has something within that places him above you as a man, although you know that, as a soldier, he is, by odds, your inferior?

I do not say that you should be ashamed of your ignorance, as, possibly, you might not have had the advantage of schooling in your boyhood. If, however, you cannot read and write at the end of one year after joining, I say you ought to be ashamed. Go to the Regimental School every hour you can for six months, and devote your leisure time to improve and perfect that which you have been taught there, and you will read and write tolerably well. By the end of the next six months you will do both fluently, and be able to trace the maps, although you can only get three hours of instruction a week. *The schoolmaster but sows the seed, which you must cultivate and nourish in your leisure hours.* The knowledge thus

gained will fit you for promotion, and at the end of your term, should you take your discharge, you will not only be an intelligent soldier, but an intelligent man, fit for situations you never dreamed of before you enlisted.

Knowledge is a treasure that no man can take from you; it is the gold gathered from the minds of other men which never debases, but which shines forth, expands, and dignifies your own.

COMRADESHIP.

There is a trite saying in civil life—"Show me the company, and I will tell you the man." So in the army—show me his comrade, and I will tell you the soldier. The one is engrafted on the other, and both bear the same fruit. Although every man in your company and corps is your comrade, I am now speaking of the man whom you have selected as your friend, who should belong, if possible, to the same room and mess as you do; who answers for your kit and interests in your absence; who lends a helping hand when you are pushed for time; who has been taken into your confidence; who shares in your joys and sorrows; who counsels you in difficulties, and is unto you as a brother. No man can exist without companionship, therefore be deliberate in your choice. Do not choose a brawler, or he will lead you into strife and contentions; nor a man with a foreboding spirit—you will find him as full of troubles as his knapsack, one-half of which you will have to bear, without in the least lightening his burden. Shun the drunkard and blasphemer, and have nothing to do with the frequenter of loose and low houses; each one of these will debase your own mind and bring you to his level. If you ally yourself to a vicious man, you will soon become his confederate in vice, to the ruin of both body and soul. The dangers of the soldier's life naturally bind the hearts of men in friendship firmer and more lasting than in civil life; hence the necessity of your being the more circumspect in your choice, for "an open enemy is better than a comrade without discretion."

DISCIPLINE.

I never knew a man yet who did not wish to be thought a well-disciplined soldier, though many had a very erroneous idea of the meaning of the word "discipline." Discipline is not merely the knowing your drill and being steady on parade; it is having the mind under subjection, so as to render a ready, willing, and prompt obedience to the most trifling command, so that a regiment may not only move as one and strike as one, but manfully endure and forbear as one, knowing that to endure is a duty. Your own life, the fate

of the army and the honour of your country may depend upon discipline. Habituate yourselves, therefore, to obedience, but without servility, and remember that a soldier without discipline is a burden to himself, a disgrace to his corps, and a danger to the State.

THE LAWYER.

No man in the service is so unhappy, makes so bad a comrade, or is so worthless a soldier as the discontented lawyer—the man who brings with him the civilian's privilege of disputing the justness of an Act of Parliament, or the bye-law of his borough. Not an order is issued but he condemns it; not openly, for he dare not. He is told off for no duty but he questions the correctness of the roster. He does nothing with a will but mischief, and that so covertly as to escape the defaulter's book. He is blind to the good that he gets, and sees a grievance in every indulgence. Feed him to the full, he is never satisfied, but is made up of complaints, and his greatest delight is to stir up strife and to give trouble to all in authority. These soon find that tempered discipline to such a man is but sowing to the wind; he is sure to commit himself at last, when his character adds to his crime, and he meets with no mercy; nor does he deserve any. Of all things, shun the law, for whoever practises it in the army is sure to come to grief.

DRUNKENNESS.

Do not think that I name this deplorable vice because I consider you worse than other men; on the contrary, my belief is, that were we to take eight hundred young men from any class in life above you, put them into a regiment and allow them their present means, there would be more dissipation amongst them than in any regiment in the service. Nay, more; if their follies and yours were compared, the balance of morality would be in your favour. This, however, makes you no better. But why should there be any drunkenness? Of all vices, it is the one that soldiers, particularly, should shun; not that in itself it is worse than the forbidden Ten; but the army, like the aristocracy and the clergy, stands out in such bold relief above the other classes, that the fault of one individual brings disgrace upon the whole body, and nothing gratifies the public envy so much as to record the doings of a drunken soldier, a drunken senator, or a drunken clergyman. So, for the honour of your profession, the credit of your corps, and your own respectability, avoid making yourself a beast. The civilian may, and does, get drunk with impunity; goes rolling home after his night's riot and debauch,

and rises up without a stain upon his character. The soldier, on the contrary, must be more circumspect, as he has a character to maintain. His moral standard is so much higher, that every act of drunkenness is recorded against him, and comparative affluence or poverty in old age may depend on those recorded acts. Being the keeper of the public safety he must be sober, and ready at all hours to assist the authorities in quelling disturbances and riots—riots often occasioned by drunken men. This responsibility should cause the soldier to reflect, and deter him from the vice of drunkenness.

GAMBLING.

Gambling is one of the worst of vices, and creeps upon you more imperceptibly. Avoid gambling games, although you play for nothing. Practice leads to confidence in your skill, and confidence leads to stakes and betting. First, you will be prevailed upon to play; in time you will love it, and then you will become a knave. Gaming engenders envy, hatred, covetousness, a desire for another's money, for which you give nothing. It deadens every kindly feeling, severs friends, destroys reputation, and leads a man into debt. *A man cannot game and be good.* If you aspire to promotion, what officer would recommend to a place of trust, and what captain would accept a gambler as his pay-sergeant?

THE GOOD-CONDUCT BADGE.

Many of you, I fear, are under the impression that by winning the badge called the good-conduct badge, you are really good men. Never was there a greater delusion. Read attentively what I have said on comradship; and, further on, on religion. Besides, you all know as well as I can tell you, that the disaffected soldier, the cunning, scheming shirker of his duty, the swearer, the blasphemer, the nightly companion of prostitutes, and even the coward, wears the so-called good-conduct badge. Therefore, the truly honest and good soldier need, and ought, only to value it for the amount of extra pay which it is made to carry.

JEALOUSY OF THE CIVILIAN.

Many men wince under the slights and remarks of the passers-by. This is great folly, as it arises from envy on their part, and shows that you do not properly appreciate the dignity of your own profession. The army being separated from the mass, has, through all ages, been the beacon on the hill of history, before wh

the deeds of other men are dimmed into nothingness. No wonder, then, that they* envy you the courage which they will not or dare not display! No wonder that they are jealous of your reputation, and of that homage which is so universally paid to the patriotic soldier! Their own halting patriotism is distanced by your onward tread, and their feeble cry is hushed in the echo of your battle-cheer. Heed not these men further than to bear yourself more scornfully erect, conscious that you have the approval of all good men and true, and that the next holy thing to martyrdom for religion is to carry your life in your hand in the service of your country.

DUTY.

Duty in the civilian is conditional—that is, it sits upon him like an outer garment, loose and unbuttoned, to be wrapped closer round him, or to be thrown aside altogether, according to the whim or circumstance of the moment. In the soldier it is stern, imperative, unbending—whether in his social intercourse with his comrades, as sentry at the barrack-gate, as vidette in presence of the enemy, when marching into action, when standing at his horse's head battered down in the hold of a "Rip Van Winkle" in a storm, or when standing on the deck of a sinking "Birkenhead." Duty is the girdle of the soldier's loins; the star of his honour, whose light is never dim. The promptings of duty are—respect and regard for our fellow-men; kindness to the captive; forbearance in the hour of victory; fearlessness in dangers; patience in privations; endurance; cheerfulness. Duty is the twin sister of the soldier's faith. Guided by these he marches onward, in the full assurance that God, who has given him these aids, and in whose hands are the issues of life and death, will mete out to him the measure of his reward. And remember, comrades, that that measure will be in exact proportion to your unselfish zeal; to your devotion to your country and your corps; and to your confidence in Him, and to the truthful earnestness of your prayer for help, protection, strength, and courage.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

There are two things which you should endeavour to acquire, and which you must do if you aspire to the seniority in a troop or company. These are, first, *ability to convey instruction fluently and clearly*: and, secondly, *to know how to command men*. The first is

* See Preface.

apparently a very difficult accomplishment, for how few really good "drills" do we find in any one regiment? This arises not so much from the want of practice, as from the want of observation. If you know how to handle your arms and manage your horse, but are unable to impart that knowledge to others, you are no better than a private, and show that you are either an incapable, or a man without observation. All men have not the same gifts in the like proportion, yet, by perseverance and attention, you can arrive at comparative perfection. One man in the regiment, probably the colonel, is the best field drill; another is best at the rifle; one in the riding school, or at the sword; or a corporal may push on a squad better than any. Observe these, and all other instructors, closely; watch their peculiarities, note their excellences and defects. One gives his command so rapidly as to be indistinct; one draws or half sings it, or gives no caution, or tires his men while he is repeating and re-repeating his explanations, or loses his temper and gives way to rough language; another gives the command, and then allows the motion or movement to be done in a slovenly manner, without an eye to detect, or judgment to correct a fault: this last is the very worst of instructors, as his system engenders inattention, looseness, and in the end confusion. Note also who has the most composed, yet decided manner; who *handles* his voice the best in tone and emphasis; who most correctly *times* his word; who commands the most attention, and how; who the most prompt to detect, and has the best method of correcting a mistake, and of administering praise or blame; who gets the most out of his men with the least fatigue *to them*; and, also, who most judiciously uses that foundation-stone to precision in drill, the word "*as you were.*" And never omit, when an opportunity offers, of going into the next barrack-square or camp lines, to note the different styles of drilling in different corps. There are as many styles in drilling as there are in composition, and you might just as well acquire the best.

If you will do this, and avoid the faults which you see in others, and imitate and practise their good points—viz., temper, manner, emphasis, tone, and style, you will in a few years be a perfect drill;—which you scarcely can be otherwise.

2nd—"To know how to command men."—As the senior non-commissioned officer in each troop or company has, in a great measure, the training of the juniors, my advice will be offered to them, and I may say at the outset, that on no class of men in the whole army does the comfort, happiness, and well-being of the soldier so much depend.

The knowing how to command men is something more than just giving an order and seeing it obeyed. It rests on your knowledge of men, gained in that best of all schools, the barrack-roo-

where men stand so face to face that the thought is almost known before it is expressed, and each so turned over, leaf by leaf, as to be read to the very end. You learned there how varied are the tempers and dispositions which you now have to watch over, and the follies, failings, and vices which you have to contend with; and it is your imperative duty to study each individual character, so that you may protect the weak, restrain the wayward, curb the vicious, and encourage the deserving. You also learned there that if you discharge your duties in a straightforward, manly way, you would be supported by the moral influence of the majority in all corps, the honest and good, though often thoughtless soldiers. As in drilling, so in your command. Study the bearing and manner towards their men of every officer and senior non-commissioned officer; whom they respect most, and why; who is not respected and who is most feared, and why; who combines kindness with the strictest discipline; whose men are the most contented, and which troop is in the best order, and why; who never speaks but harshly. And is harsh language compatible with discipline? A soldier does not care much for a hearty English "damn," while the contemptuous, scornful tone, and the overbearing manner, awaken those feelings which often break forth in reckless insubordination. If you will observe closely these several characters, rejecting that which you see offensive in them, but imitating that which is good, you will *know* how to command men; and you will command them *well* if you do not trouble yourselves about "moral command," of which you hear so much, and which is but a mere phantom without the suspended sword of discipline. You must, however, exercise a moral *influence* over your men by the force of your example, both as a soldier and a man. Let them see that the interest and credit of your corps is your highest aim; let them see your unswerving impartiality—your determination to do your duty strictly; that you do not seek for opportunities to find fault, and that you do not wish to have men punished to the utmost. Speak approvingly when you can; study the interests and comforts of all; sympathise with those in trouble; counsel those in difficulties; and be sure, occasionally, to visit the really sick of your company—it will show that you take an interest in them, and that there is some one to care for them besides the hospital officials. Such kindly acts will never be forgotten, and you will be thought of, not merely as their sergeant or sergeant-major, but as their friend.

He who governs by fear leans on a reed that may pierce his side. He who governs fearlessly, and by his example establishes a moral influence over his men, will find that influence to be the support, the staff, the very pivot on which his real authority rests and turns.

RELIGION.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Now, no man believes this, although he may be foolhardy enough to say it. All men feel that there is a God, in whose hands are life and death, time and eternity. As you believe this, and as the only knowledge you have of God is from the Bible, I shall say a few words about the reading of that book.

In your leisure time, but more especially on the Sabbath-day, sit down quietly on your bed and read a chapter* through, so that you may understand the subject on which it treats. Then read it again attentively, verse by verse, and those verses which particularly strike you put a marginal mark against. These marked verses read, re-read, and study, and although you may not be able, nor is it necessary, to repeat them off by heart, still the substance will be so impressed upon the memory as never to be effaced. Do this, and you will know more of your duty towards God and man, and it will strengthen your simple faith more than the fifty-two (twelvemonths') classic sermons, little of which probably you will understand. There will be things in the Bible, also, which you cannot understand. Do not heed these, as there are learned men set apart to study and explain them. Any man who can read, and reads with a devout spirit, will be granted a rich measure of that knowledge which leads to salvation.

The Bible is the spring of that knowledge at which all men may drink, and according to their faith so will they be satisfied. The simple drink and are full; the learned often taste, and, because they cannot see to the bottom, go away empty. The Christian's is not a melancholy religion; on the contrary, it makes a man more cheerful, more kindly, more forbearing, and bolder to confront that death which stands across every man's path, and which is always within striking distance of the soldier.

PATRIOTISM.

The next in order, and akin to religion, is that love of kindred, home, and country, embraced in the word patriotism. That this is a divine attribute is confirmed by the universal opinion and approval of mankind, and by the recorded acts of brave men in the Bible for our example. In 2 Samuel, chapter xxiii., we read that David *poured out unto the Lord* the water which the three brave men had brought for him to drink, from out of the camp of the Philistines, saying at the same time—"Is not this the blood of these men who went

* Especially Matthew v., vi., and vii.

in jeopardy of their lives?" Now, as charity, the love of mankind, covers a multitude of sins, so we must believe, by implication at least, that patriotism, the love of kindred, home, and country, covers many of those sins incidental to the soldier's life.

Men may say that you did not become a soldier from a love of country. There are two orders of men set apart from the rest for particular duties—the army and the clergy. How many clergymen enter upon their calling from influences and circumstances other than the love of God, yet if they lead consistent lives, visit the sick and poor in their affliction, and save souls, who questions their sincerity or would deny them their reward? So the true soldier, no matter what influence led him to the service, stands in the foremost rank of British patriots. His cause is holy; his devotion is a proverb; his deeds are accepted, and he gets his reward. *The pall of duty is ever borne by the hands of applauding angels.*

I shall conclude by relating an incident which will prove to you the true value and importance of your services. I was in Manchester when the news of your final victory over the Chinese arrived, and I heard a gentleman belonging to the Exchange say, in the presence of others—"There will be light hearts on 'Change to-day that were depressed yesterday. Trade will be up!" Thus proving that the pulse of the trade of this mighty nation intermits and palpitates, or beats with a full and healthy tone, just as the soldier fails in his energies or triumphs in his strength. Let there then be an earnestness in all that you attempt, follow the steps of your older comrades, but stamp your own foot-prints deeper into the page of history. Humble though you be, you are one in the aggregate of that army which has placed England on the pinnacle of fame. How ennobling the thought that *you* helped to weave her crown of glory; that mothers fire their sons by pointing to *your* deeds; that nations measure the patriotism of Britons by *your* devotion; and that your noblest foemen place you in the very front rank of the brave!

Ever, Comrades,

Faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.







